THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX, AND BOSTON REVIEW.

MAY, 1800.

THE CURATE OF ELMWOOD. [*Continued.*]

THEY had not quitted the Piazza, when four of Sir John Fielding's men ruſhed forward, and ſeized the highwayman with the moſt incredible activity. They ſwept him away, as the whirlwind ſweeps the leaves in autumn, and buoys them the Lord knows where—Julia ran too, nor caſt one look behind. She continued to go forward (as ſhe thought) till ſhe had run a great way; and then ſtopping for breath, ſhe was exactly on the ſpot from whence ſhe ſet out; ſhe had only run *round* the garden, not ſuſpecting but ſhe was going forward in a ſtraight line. "Madam! Madam! (ſaid an Iriſh chairman to her) do you want a chair?" "I don't know what I want." "My fait, but I do—you want to be carried to Starling's, my jewel, which I and Conner will do in no time." "My good friend, if you can carry me to an honeſt place, I ſhall bleſs you for ever." "Honeſt *plaſe!* my honey, an if I know one honeſt *plaſe* in the whole town. Ha, ha, ha! honeſt *plaſe!*---Ah, you cunning ſtrap; to be ſure you want to go to an honeſt *plaſe!*---Ha, ha, ha!---Here you Mr. Watchman, this lady wants to go to an honeſt *plaſe*; can't you ſhew her the way?" "Aye, that I can, (replied the watchman)---Ah, Madam, is it you? I know you of old; come along with me: you ſhall go to the honeſteſt place in all king George's dominions—the *Round-Houſe.*" The watchman happened juſt at that time to want a pot of beer; but Julia not underſtanding his meaning, to the Round-Houſe he led her in triumph. —Poor Julia!

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of inſenſibility. The ſuddenneſs and horror of the laſt adventure were too much for her. Her faculties loſt their power, and her recollection was ſuſpended. She was led by the watchman without knowing whither ſhe was going; ſhe was dragged along without feeling that he held her by the arm. But ſhe had not been long ſeated at the top of the bench, where they placed her

her near the fire, before ſhe awakened from her ſtupor. She tremulouſly looked around, and ſaw herſelf ſeated in the midſt of a horrible aſſembly, whoſe miſcreantic viſages would make angels weep and demons tremble. High above the reſt, like the evil ſpirit in Pandemonium, ſat the conſtable of the night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a ſtool before him. "Here (ſaid this man in office) you Snoring Dick, reach this-here tankard to that-there lady, and then bring her before me for examination. Oh! ſhe won't drink! Well, well, that's all one—if ſhe does not drink, ſhe'll pay: ſo bring her forward here."

Julia now advanced: her cheeks were ſuffuſed with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled.

"Aye, aye, (ſaid the conſtable) you may well ſhake when you look at me. Hem! what account can you give of yourſelf, Miſs?—No, that's not it neither: I'll begin with you, I think, *Miſter* Watchman—Where did you find this-here lady here, Snoring Dick?"

"Found her! (replied Dick) why, pleaſe your worſhip, I found her picking a *gemmun's* pockets."

"Picking a *gemmun's* pockets! Mercy on us!—O ho, Miſs, you may well ſhake when you look at me.—Well, Dick, go on."

"And ſo, Sir, as ſhe was a picking the *gemmun's* pockets, as I was a ſaying, I comes cloſe behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact."

"In the fact?"

"In the fact."

"Tranſportation, by the lord Harry.—Well, go on, Dick."

"And ſo, Sir, as I catches her hand, ſhe turns about, ſtoops down for one of her pattens, and, before you could ſay, *cavy*, hits me the naſtieſt blow on the ſkull I ever had in my life ſince the great riot. You'll pleaſe to feel, *Miſter* Conſtable, here is the lump as big as a half gallon."

"Aye, God bleſs me! ſo it is; it's a thumper, i'faith."

"A thumper! it will ſtand damages. I never had ſuch a blow in my life. I wa'ant ye it bleeds under my hair—It ſtoundered me like a ſtock-fiſh."

"Aye, it's a clear caſe, ſhe wanted to murder you."

"Yes."

"Oh, the horrid monſter! Well, Madam, have you nothing to ſay for yourſelf? Ah, you impudent—Dick, take off her patten, that we may carry it before Sir John in the morning."

"Aye, that I will, *Miſter* Conſtable; the patten will ſpeak for itſelf, and a d——d heavy patten it is."

Dick ſtooped, but Julia *wore no pattens*.

"Ah, the cunning devil! (continued Dick) ſhe has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw ſomething away, as we came along."

"Oh, let her alone! (ſaid the conſtable)—ſhe's a knowing one: but ſhe ſhall doll it in Bridewell to-morrow, for all that.—Aye, you may well ſhake when you look at me, you bloody-minded—You may now return to your ſeat."

As Julia was returning to her bench, ſhe trembled inceſſantly, but never uttered a ſyllable. "Oh, (ſaid Dick) ſhe is dumb-foundered with the heinouſneſs of her crime." "No, (replied a ſecond) ſhe is drunk." "Not ſo far gone neither (echoed a third) but a quartern of gin would recover her."

"Aye, aye, (ſaid the conſtable) there's no doubt but ſhe'll drink; and it's her turn now to ſend out.

Pleaſe

Pleaſe, Madam, to give this *gemmun* money for a gallon of Trueman's beſt, and for half a gallon of hot, and four papers of *'bacco*, and a loaf, and three pound of Cheſhire.—Here, Scout; walk over, ſirrah, to the lady, and make her your Sunday's bow—Bring every thing of the beſt, and then we'll drink to the lady's health, and to poor Snoring Dick's head; and old Ugly-Face, in the corner, yonder, will ſing us the comical ſong about the cat and the taylor, and make his wry faces, and we'll be as happy as princes."

When this oration was finiſhed, Scout made his obeiſance to Julia.—She was juſt able to aſk him what he wanted;—"Money, Madam."—"How much muſt you have?"—"Oh, you may let me have five or ſix ſhillings, and I'll make the beſt market I can, and return you the reſt faithfully, Madam, upon my honour!—And if that won't be enough, I'll return for more."

Julia felt in her pocket for her purſe, (which the highwayman had given her) but ſhe could not find it—it was gone!

On ſeeing this, the Preſident bawled out immediately, that it was a ſham! and Julia proteſted in vain—The company around heard this with an arch ſmile; the watchmen ſhook their heads, and the conſtable grew noiſy; which awakened an old gentleman who had hitherto ſlept very ſoundly in a corner. Eſtimating the thing as favourably as poſſible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is, he was no other than the well known Mr. B——, who once had three thouſand a year, though he has not now ſixty. He had been lounging as uſual, for eight or nine hours in a Coffee-houſe in the garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-houſe, either to ſleep or drink. On this laſt account, he was regarded there with ſome degree of reſpect.

He naturally inquired the cauſe of the noiſe; and the majority informed him, that it was "only a *Madam* there, who had pretended ſhe had loſt her purſe."—Julia appealed to him in her turn; and, with that unaffected ſimplicity, which plays about the arguments of truth, informed him, that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the ſtreet:—that ſhe was poſitive ſhe had her purſe at that time, *becauſe a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before*—that from that time ſhe had only walked thither with the watchman, and now ſhe miſſed her money.

"Which watchman was it?" ſaid the gentleman.

"Me!"—replied Snoring Dick, boldly.

"Was it *you?* (repeated Mr. B——.) Ah, Dick! you and I, you know, are old acquaintances, and it is long ſince I have known you to be a ſcoundrel—Therefore, ſirrah, deliver the purſe."

"Me! (anſwered Dick)—Have I the purſe?—I'll be d——d if I have any purſe about me."

"You hav'n't?"

"No."

"And you won't deliver?"

"No—"

"Why then, Mr. Conſtable, I charge you with——"

"Except indeed (interrupted Dick eagerly) ſomething that I picked up in the ſtreet, as I was coming along with that there lady."

"Ah, you old fox! (ſaid the gentleman) I thought I ſhould unkennel you. Where is this *ſomething* that you *picked up from the ſtreet?*"

"Here

"Here it is—but it does not belong to her."

"Pray, Madam, (ſaid Mr. B——, addreſſing Julia) is this your purſe?"

"If it has a gold taſſel at either end (anſwered Julia) it is mine, Sir, upon my honour."

It had ſo—was delivered to her, and Mr. B—— immediately retired back into his corner to ſleep.

Julia now willingly paid all the demands made upon her: and the Preſident obſerved to her, that as to be ſure as how ſhe was a good-natured lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had *given a good account* of herſelf, why, to be ſure, ſhe might go about her buſineſs.

Julia thanked him, but mentioned, that ſhe did not know whither to go till morning. "Not know! (ſaid the conſtable)—why there are five hundred beds around you, where you may ſleep for half a crown."—But ſhe was a ſtranger in town, and did not chooſe to venture into ſtrange houſes.

"Lord, Ma'am, (obſerved Snoring Dick) for ſix-pence I'll conduct you to a *bagnio*, where you will be as ſafe as if you was in the Tower."—She ſtarted at hearing a *bagnio* mentioned.—"Why then, Ma'am, if ſo be as you are ſhy, and a'n't proud, hire me well, and I'll let you ſleep in my houſe.—There's nobody there but my wife—I'll ſeek but five ſhillings, and your purſe can well ſpare that."

This propoſal did not require to be repeated.—Julia took him at his word, even though he took her purſe; as he was a poor man, ſhe thought ſhe might be ſafe in his houſe for a night. Beſides, ſhe was pleaſed with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more. With Dick, therefore, ſhe went into one of the little ſtreets behind Long Acre, and followed him into a three-pair-of-ſtairs room; humble enough, indeed, but where all was ſilence. Dick awakened his wife, told her the ſtory, whiſpered her to look ſharp after her lodger, and left them.

Julia chattered a little while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough for a watchman's wife. The firſt thing ſhe begged of her was to be favoured with pen, ink, and paper. She got theſe readily; the landlady retired to bed; and Julia wrote the following letter:

"Ah! my dear father, ſhall we ever meet again? When ſhall we meet? Are you well? Shall I ever ſee you? and ah! ſhall you ever ſee me?

"I am now—alas! I do not know where I am—nor where I have been—nor where I ſhall be to-morrow. I ſeem an outcaſt from ſociety: I have not met one friend ſince I left you: every one deceives me—every one inſults me: they have treated me cruelly—they have broke my heart—Even Joe has forſaken me: he has deſerted me, or he is loſt—or I know not what has become of him.

"Ah, my father! my dear father!—that Heaven which we both ſerve, let that Heaven bear witneſs, that one wiſh alone fills my whole ſoul—the wiſh to ſee you once more, to talk with you, to gaze upon you, to ſit once more by your knee.—I would ruſh into your boſom: I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forſake it—never, never!"

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate (as it has been mine, and as it is at this moment many a nobler fellow's) to be ſitting in that lofty habitation called a garret, plunged in deep diſtreſs—no pence in your purſe, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly—if this

this has been your caſe, you muſt well know the comfort that ariſes from ſhedding your ſorrows in ſecret—the relief that flows from a ſhower of ſolitary tears. In ſuch a ſituation, next to inſtantaneous and abſolute relief, it is the firſt of bleſſings, and Julia now felt it in all its force—Her heart was eaſed, and ſhe hoped for a night of reſt and better days. Having ſealed up her letter, ſhe retired to a bed ſo humble, that it kiſſed the very ground.

She ſlept nine hours inceſſantly, and, when ſhe awoke, found her head reſting upon the partition wall which roſe at the back of her bed.

At the expiration of this time Julia aroſe. Snoring Dick had retired for an hour, to ſleep away the fatigues of the night and of the beer pot. His wife was at breakfaſt, and invited Julia to partake of her bohea —She conſented willingly; and the woman, who had but one diſh, politely offered it to her gueſt, and took for her own uſe a pint-pot from which her huſband had been drinking beer.

This repaſt over, Dick awakened; Julia, who was during breakfaſt time deviſing what meaſures to follow, propoſed at firſt to engage him to go along with her to the inn where Joe and the ſtage-coach were; but on recollecting the dangers ſhe had already experienced in the ſtreets, ſhe reſolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring Joe along with him to the place where ſhe was. Dick readily aſſented to this propoſal for the hire of a half crown; which, he ſtipulated, ſhould be paid him before he ſet off, as well as the crown for the bed. All this he received on the ſpot, with the letter for her father to be put into the poſt-office. He now departed, aſſuring her, that though ſhe had not the name of the inn to give him, he could readily diſcover it.

It was now rather more than dinner time, but neither Dick nor Joe appeared—Julia was uneaſy. Four o'clock ſtruck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five—but nobody arrived. Six, ſeven, eight—nobody. During theſe intervals ſhe paid frequent viſits to an object in diſtreſs, in the adjoining chamber, and charged her hoſteſs with great ſincerity, at whatever time ſhe went away, to be attentive to his neceſſities till her return.

I have ſaid it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneaſy. It was now half paſt eight. "Still nobody!—Good Heaven! are my misfortunes never to end?" At about a quarter before nine, two of Sir John Fielding's men entered the room, with Dick---drunk, very drunk ---at their head.

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts may be, certain it is that Sir John Fielding's men are come in queſt of Julia; and I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their buſineſs with her.

To underſtand it, your memory muſt recur to the adventures of Julia with the highwayman. He had met with her in the bagnio, and given her a purſe with money in it, and in their departure from thence, the highwayman was ſeized---Julia fled, and was by chance conducted to the Round Houſe. The generous highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the contemptible ſon of Mars, already noted. When this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of Holborn had alighted there upon the ſame buſineſs. As the

the highwayman therefore was ſecured, the firſt buſineſs thought neceſſary was to ſearch him, and all the different purſes of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman.---It was agreed that he could not have ſpent it in ſo ſhort a time: *ergo*, he muſt have given it away. To corroborate the ſuſpicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the perfumed officer confirmed it. The caſe was therefore plain; Julia muſt have the purſe in her poſſeſſion. Away they ſallied, with the officers at their head, through the ſtreets, bagnios, taverns, and night-houſes; but in vain: ſhe was no where to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met Dick the watchman: (Dick was at this time returning to Julia without any anſwer or information; for inſtead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money.) The thief-taker inquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had ſeen ſuch a lady. After deſcribing her very minutely---"Seen her! (ſaid Dick) why, ſhe is at my houſe." This information was ſufficient for the ſervant of juſtice: he took Dick by the arm, and ſummoning one of his companions, ſet off for the lodging of Julia.

We have already ſeen them introduced where ſhe was. They ſeized her without ceremony, and proceeded as uſual to ſearch her. The fatal purſe, ſo remarkable for the golden taſſel at either end, was in a moment found. This confirmed the ſuſpicion, and ſhe was carried away as an accomplice.---When will perſecution ceaſe to follow virtue?

[*To be continued.*]

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

THE GENTLEMAN AT LARGE. No. III.

O Woman! lovely Woman! nature made thee
To temper man. We had been brutes without you.
Otway's Venice Preſerved.

THERE is no higher evidence of the refinement of the preſent age, than the rank which the fair ſex now hold in ſociety. We need only trace the progreſs of manners, and the advancement of civilization, to be convinced that it is to them we are indebted for the politer arts and the more elegant enjoyments incident to ſocial life. In the earlieſt days of feudal barbarity, women were little better than ſlaves to their huſbands; and the dominion of the latter over the former was almoſt as abſolute as was their property in cattle. But in proportion to the decline of ignorance, theſe narrow and illiberal ſentiments have receded from the human mind, which ſeems now, under the preſent advantages of knowledge and civility, to be actuated by more generous principles.

It would be difficult, I believe, for the moſt inquiſitive philoſophy to ſatisfy itſelf with regard to that moral diſtinction, which ſome are anxious to make between the two ſexes, not much to the honour of that, which is emphatically denominated *fair*. For my own part, I never can behold an amiable woman, without feeling a reſpect for her almoſt bordering upon devotion; and when I ſee her engaged in the more intereſting

intereſting duties of her family, I cannot but look upon her as the peculiar favourite of Heaven. The objects, about which ſhe employs herſelf, are of the moſt endearing and tender kind, the economy of her houſehold and the diſcipline of her children; and ſo important is the part aſſigned her, that its faithful performance depends upon the pureſt virtue, aſſociated to the beſt underſtanding.

Notwithſtanding this ſerious truth, it appears ever to have been the policy of our ſex to arrogate to themſelves a ſuperiority over the other, and to treat them with all the ſpirit of a petty tyranny. We ſeem to have claimed a preſcriptive right for calling them our inferiors, and we can give no better account of our authority for treating them as ſuch, than that cuſtom has ſo eſtabliſhed it. How far this argument might go to confirm a title to a certain kind of property, I ſhall not at this time inquire, but that it has the leaſt plauſibility, when applied to the preſent ſubject, I beg leave to deny. This error, however, ſo degrading to humanity, is daily loſing its control, and is happily ſucceeded by ſentiments of a quite contrary deſcription—ſentiments which declare us not only more diſcerning, but more virtuous, and which, while they teſtify to the merit of the other ſex, are highly honourable to our own gratitude. So many literary conſtellations have lately appeared in the female world, that we very reaſonably begin to think their ſuſceptibility of improvement equal, if not ſuperior, to our own; and ſince the ingenious theories of a Wolſtoncraft have taken a rank on the ſhelf of our circulating libraries, we have almoſt loſt ſight of this idea, ſo derogatory to woman, that ſhe was born to be a houſehold drudge, and to thrive on the ſmoky atmoſphere of a kitchen. Yet it muſt be confeſſed that the rights of woman have been advocated with a zeal too inflamed to be reaſonable, and, with an over-heated enthuſiaſm, which has rather depreſſed, than promoted, a cauſe which is in itſelf good. Some have even gone ſo far as to ſtrain her prerogative to a height really maſculine, and which belongs excluſively to man. It may therefore be an amuſing, if not an uſeful ſpeculation, to ſee how far the rights of the fair ſex extend in relation to ourſelves.

The nice and delicate texture of the female mind is an argument highly favourable to their ſuperiority, and goes to prove, that the ſituation for which Heaven deſigned them in this world, is of a nature the moſt benevolent and engaging. The more rugged and invidious offices of life were appropriated to man, as being better ſuited to his firm and ſturdy diſpoſition. In this propoſition is involved all the immunities of the two ſexes; and every privilege, exerciſed by either, not reſolvable into it, is founded in uſurpation and arrogance. The mind of woman being compoſed of the ſweeteſt and moſt amiable properties, and being characterized by an animated ſenſibility, entitles her to the entire management of all thoſe affairs, which call for the forbearance of tenderneſs, and the interpoſition of the gentler virtues. Under this deſcription is included the government of children, and the general ſuperintendence of domeſtic concerns. To the cuſtody of the tender mind, ſhe, and ſhe alone, is entitled; and it is her delightful province to inculcate, in all the winning language of ſimplicity, that kind of obvious morality, of which the infant

underſtanding

underſtanding is more immediately ſuſceptible. Theſe little endearing cares would ill become the huſband, who, bound by the coarſer ties of buſineſs, is utterly incapable of diſcharging them. But in the hands of the wife they are ſure to be diſcharged; becauſe there is a congeniality between the duty itſelf and the diſpoſition and abilities of the object on whom the duty falls. There is a ſort of relationſhip between thoſe fine pictures of virtue, with which the young imagination ought to be preſented, and the exquiſite genius of the moral artiſt who holds the pencil to the thought. But the authority of the wife is by no means reſtricted to theſe cares. It extends in many inſtances over the huſband himſelf. She has a right to counſel him in all the minor duties, which ariſe from the obligations of etiquette and the laws of politeneſs. In the little incidental proprieties of dreſs, company and amuſement, ſhe may gently command him; for the regulation of theſe nice economics requires that delicately diſcriminating mind which is peculiar to a woman. Theſe, and a thouſand other little rights, a good huſband will feel a pleaſure in recognizing; and he will delight in being the obedient ſubject of ſo gentle and amiable an authority. He will find himſelf relieved from many anxieties which muſt neceſſarily exiſt ſomewhere, but which his wife, from the intereſt which ſhe feels in them, has voluntarily adopted.

If the above obſervations are not founded in error, we ſhall readily perceive the neceſſity of affording to the other ſex an education, although different, by no means inferior, to that which we ourſelves receive. A woman need not go deeply into the ſeverer ſtudies; but a little knowledge even of theſe will never injure her. Her excluſion from the more abſtruſe ſciences, however, ought to be amply counterbalanced by a full introduction into that intereſting department of literature, where fancy is diſciplined by philoſophy, and where learning hides its pedantry under the garb of imagination. With polite letters ſhe ſhould be intimately acquainted; for they have a remarkable tendency to poliſh the mind, and to give a fine turn of delicacy to the thought. They ſoften the heart to an engaging tenderneſs, and bring the underſtanding to a maturity, to which it would be difficult otherwiſe to arrive.

As for thoſe neceſſary regulations which fall under the name of houſehold economy, an ignorance of them in a woman is indeed reproachful. It would be almoſt a ſoleciſm to ſay that a miſtreſs of a family need not underſtand thoſe things which are neceſſary to its very exiſtence. But it might be no leſs ridiculous to ſay, that to the acquiſition of this knowledge, neceſſary as it is, a woman ſhould devote her whole attention: It is a kind of knowledge eaſily gained, and hard to loſe: It lays but very little claim to the genius of invention, or the intricacy of art. The whole ſcience of kitchen police is too ſimple and obvious not to be attained with a moderate degree of application. It is a ſcience which grows ſo immediately out of common obſervation, that we ſhould be induced to think that woman obſtinately bent upon ignorance, who is unacquainted with it. An incidental regard to theſe concerns ought therefore to be deemed a ſufficient diſcharge of this branch of her duty.

But there are ſome huſbands who think that the excellency of a wife conſiſts in a dexterous management of

of the mop, or in a ſkilful dabbling with ſoap-ſuds; who ſeem never ſo much pleaſed as when their wives are engaged in ſome menial occupation, which reminds them of a parſimonious ſaving, and which fills their imaginations with the proſpects of gain. Men of this claſs form a matrimonial connexion, merely to promote the mean ſchemes of avarice, and to gratify thoſe mercenary paſſions which are the ſure attendants of a grovelling mind. They think if they can procure a woman of a ſound conſtitution, whoſe houſehold genius is adequate to the moſt laborious drudgery of the kitchen; who can riſe with the light of the day, and toil till midnight; that their fortune is ſingularly propitious, becauſe at the year's end their treaſury will be enriched. But a man of a noble and generous mind will revolt at ſentiments, ſo degrading to humanity. He will ſtartle at a doctrine which favours the ſlavery of that ſex, which is the pride and ornament of the rational world. He will view with a melancholy regret the infamous proſtitution of thoſe qualities, which were beſtowed for the nobleſt purpoſes of our being; and he will almoſt weep to ſee thoſe attributes perverted to the pitiful purpoſes of meanneſs and worthleſſneſs, which ought to be cultivated for the advancement of virtue. He will feel all the ſadneſs of a benevolent heart when he views that wicked deſolation of moral excellency, which is exhibited in the debaſement of the female mind. Altamont is ſuch a man. At the age of twenty-five he fell violently in love with a young lady, whoſe beauty and accompliſhments were equalled only by her goodneſs of heart, and ſuperiority of underſtanding. Altamont wanted a companion. He choſe Louiſa, becauſe ſhe poſſeſſed a refinement of taſte and delicacy of manners congenial to his own character. Whenever I viſit this happy pair, I feel a certain veneration for the marriage inſtitution, which I do not at any other time feel. When Altamont and Louiſa are together, they ſeem captivated by a kind of holy affection, which tranſports them beyond the enjoyments of ordinary minds. I called upon them the laſt evening. Altamont and his Louiſa were ſeated under the branches of a beautiful willow. Louiſa was ſinging a favourite air of Altamont's. After ſhe had finiſhed it he preſſed her hand, and gently requeſted her to repeat it. Louiſa ſmiled upon Altamont, and began the ſong a ſecond time.

This ſcene, however inſipid it may appear to my readers in deſcription, was truly intereſting to myſelf, who beheld it in all its reality. It would be impoſſible to delineate upon paper thoſe looks of reciprocal complacency, which paſſed between Altamont and his Louiſa. Their happineſs appeared too perfect to admit of improvement. I returned home, fully diſguſted with celibacy, and reſolved upon changing my ſituation as ſoon as I could find a Louiſa to make me happy. My imagination dwelt with peculiar fondneſs on the ſuperior merit of the fair ſex; and, before I had finiſhed my contemplations, I completely united the ideas of WOMAN and LOUISA.

THE BLACK PRINCE. [*Concluded.*]

THE delicacy of his mind appears from the following circumſtance: while reading a book to a lady, which had been recommended to him as a good book, he met with a word, ſuppoſed by him to convey an impure idea, on which he inſtantly ſtopt, and ſhut the book without aſſigning any cauſe. The lady ſoon after quitted the room, when his diſpleaſure, which her preſence had kept him from expreſſing, broke forth; he daſhed the book, with a degree of fury which aſtoniſhed the gentleman who was preſent, againſt the wall of the room, declaring, that the man who wrote the book ought to be puniſhed for deceiving people, and putting bad thoughts into their heads; and as for the book itſelf, that he ſhould burn it wherever he might happen to meet with it. He was ſoon convinced of the impropriety of his warmth, but he continued to regard the book, and its author, as highly blameable.

He was ſo concerned for the credit of his country, and ſo fearful of the conſequence of drawing contempt upon it, that, except with particular perſons, he was averſe from giving very minute accounts of the ſtate of African manners, arts, cultivation, or ſociety. On the ſame account, he ſtudiouſly avoided ſtrong marks of wonder at any thing he ſaw in England, leſt an inference ſhould be drawn from it to the diſadvantage of Africa. When he choſe, however, to be unreſerved in talking about his country, he was never known to violate truth in the accounts he gave.

Among the difficulties which his new view of things laid upon him, one reſpected his wives. He had two while in Africa, but he clearly ſaw the New Teſtament allowed only one; his difficulty was, to know which of them it was right for him to keep. He thought, at firſt, it would be right to keep her whom he had firſt married; but then he conſidered that ſhe had borne him no child, and that the ſecond (who was beſides the wife of his affections) had brought him a ſon; this laſt circumſtance ſeemed to have decided the queſtion in favour of the ſecond; he declared himſelf ready, however, to make a ſacrifice of his feelings ſhould it appear right to keep the firſt in preference.

In about a year and a half after his arrival in England, he could read fluently, (though, at firſt, he knew little of the Engliſh tongue) and could write a letter. He had alſo made himſelf acquainted with common arithmetic, and the firſt elements of mathematics, and had, beſides, imbibed much general knowledge.

While he thus went on improving, the news of his father's death reached England, and called him ſuddenly to Sierra Leone. He felt much anxiety when he was on the eve of returning, from the variety of new duties, which the deplorable ſtate of his country ſeemed to lay upon him. He was very deſirous that his future conduct might not diſcredit his new religion; and it appeared to thoſe with whom he converſed, that there was no perſonal ſacrifice which he was not ready to make for the ſake of Chriſtianity. To have

have the honour of becoming himſelf a teacher of it, ſeemed to be the ſummit of his wiſhes.

In the month of June, 1793, he embarked on board of one of the Sierra Leone Company's veſſels, called, from him, the Naimbanna, after having taken an affectionate leave of all his friends in England.

During the paſſage, his mind was almoſt conſtantly employed in pondering over thoſe difficulties which he thought he ſhould have to combat on his return to Africa, and in deviſing the means of overcoming them. Numberleſs were the plans which he formed for the purpoſe of ſpreading the light of the goſpel among his rude countrymen; though he ſeemed at the ſame time to ſuffer much uneaſineſs, from a fear of diſappointment, which became ſtronger as he approached his native ſhore. He had left England in perfect health, but on reaching a warmer climate, he was much affected by the heat, and caught a violent cold, which began with pains in his throat and head, and ended in a fever, which the continual working of his mind had probably contributed much to produce. He was frequently light-headed, and his intervals of ſenſe were ſhort and few, but they afforded to thoſe around him ſtriking proofs of a humble truſt in the mercies of God through Chriſt, and of a perfect reſignation to his will. During one of thoſe intervals, he called to his bed-ſide a fellow paſſenger, and obſerving to him, that he began to think he ſhould be called hence, before he had an opportunity of telling his mother and friends what mercies God had ſhewn him, and what obligations he lay under to the Sierra Leone Company, he begged of the gentleman to write his will, the ſubſtance of which was, that his brother ſhould take charge of his property, till his ſon, then a child, came of age; and, in the mean time, ſhould reimburſe the Sierra Leone Company for the ſums advanced by them on his account.

To this he ſubjoined a ſtrong requeſt that his brother ſhould, as far as in him lay, oppoſe the ſlave trade, and for the ſatisfaction of his friends, he added, "That nothing may be imputed to the Sierra Leone Company by any evil-minded men, whoſe intereſt may oppoſe that of the worthy Company, I here declare, in the preſence of that God, in whom I place my truſt, that during my ſtay in England, I always enjoyed very good health, and received the greateſt civilities from all thoſe under whoſe care I was, and at my leaving England I was in perfect health."

When the veſſel got to Sierra Leone, he had become inſenſible to every thing that paſſed around him, except for very ſhort intervals. He was taken aſhore to the Governor's houſe at Freetown, where his mother, with a brother and ſiſter of his, and ſome other of his relations, to whom notice of his dangerous ſtate had been ſent, ſoon after appeared. The diſtracted looks of his mother, and the wildneſs of his ſiſter's grief, on ſeeing him, affected every one; but when at length they perceived that he breathed no more, their ſhrieks and cries were diſtreſſing beyond meaſure. He died about twelve hours after coming on ſhore.

Thus ended the days of this amiable

amiable and enlightened African, from whoſe labours extenſive good might have been expected. But before we proceed to make a few reflections on his ſtory, it will be well to notice two memorandums which were found in his pocket-book after his death, and which ſerve to confirm what has been already ſaid of the tenderneſs of his conſcience, and the purity of his manners.

This firſt was written in conſequence of his falling into ſome company where profane and obſcene converſation had paſſed, and was as follows:

"I ſhall take care of this company, which I now fall into, for they ſware a good deal, and talked all manner of wickedneſs and filthy. All theſe things---can I be able to reſiſt that temptation?---No, I cannot, but the Lord will deliver me."

The other was written after he had been ſome time at ſea, and had made ſome unavailing remonſtrances to the Captain on the profaneneſs of his crew; and in it, he declared, that "if the crews of other veſſels ſhould be like the crew of the Naimbanna, he ſhould never think of coming to England, though he had friends there as dear to him as the laſt words of his father."

May we not conclude, from the above ſtory, that God has given to the moſt rude and ſavage people, minds capable of knowing, loving, and ſerving him? and may we not learn hence, to cheriſh ſentiments of kindneſs and affection towards all men, whatever be their colour, or however low they may ſtand in the ſcale of human beings? Thoſe, eſpecially, who know how to eſtimate the bleſſings of religion, and who have a regard for the everlaſting happineſs of their fellow-creatures, will be encouraged by it, to promote, with zeal, every plan which tends to introduce Chriſtianity among the ſavage nations of the earth, or to remove the hindrances to its introduction. Happy, if through their inſtrumentality, thoſe who now ſit in darkneſs, ſhould be brought, like Naimbanna, to know God and themſelves, and to rejoice in hope of his glory.

Let us alſo learn from this ſtory, that God's ways are not as our ways. Short-ſighted as we are, we were ready to conclude, that this young man had been ſent by Heaven to be a bleſſing to Africa, and to ſpread the Chriſtian religion among his own countrymen. But God, who ſees and knows all things, determined otherwiſe. He ſaw it right to take Naimbanna from the evil to come; thus diſappointing our hopes, but, at the ſame time, teaching us to check the diſpoſition we are too apt to indulge, of prying into the ſecrets of Heaven, and to conduct all our plans and inquiries, under a ſenſe of our own ignorance, and in a full dependence on the over-ruling providence and righteous government of God.

May we not alſo draw a leſſon from the conduct of the old king on this occaſion? It was not the wealth, the grandeur, the learning, or the arts of England which ſtruck him as deſirable, but the religion of England. He ſent his ſon thither, not to make a fortune, not to procure an inſight into trade, not to form great connexions, but to learn the Chriſtian religion. How many parents are there in this country, where it is

ſo

ſo eaſy to attain the means of learning the Chriſtian religion, who take no pains to make their children acquainted with it?

But a ſtill more inſtructive leſſon, and one which applies more generally, may be drawn from the conduct of the black Prince, whoſe ſtory has juſt been told. He comes among us rude and ignorant, with no juſt ideas of religion, and after having been accuſtomed for twenty-three years to indulge all his paſſions without any reſtraint. No ſooner, however, is Chriſtianity placed before him, than he is ſtruck with its truth and beauty, and embraces it with a child-like ſimplicity. As he views himſelf in the glaſs of ſcripture, he perceives its account of human nature to be true from his own experience. Humbled under a ſenſe of his ſins and imperfections, trembling under the apprehenſions of the conſequences of them, and ſenſible of his inability to help himſelf, he gladly lays hold of the hope ſet before him, he believes the promiſes of God to the penitent, and relies for ſalvation on Chriſt alone. Nor were theſe new views unavailing; on the contrary, they produced ſtriking effects. In conſequence of them, with the help of God's grace, he imbibes the ſpirit of the Goſpel. His prejudices are overcome, his temper is regulated, his paſſions curbed, his very manners are improved by it: in ſhort, he ſeemed, to uſe the language of ſcripture, "to become a new creature." Tell me, reader, haſt thou ever experienced in thyſelf this change which Naimbanna underwent? Remember that our Saviour has told us, that except we be converted, and become as little children, we ſhall in no wiſe enter the kingdom of heaven. Has thy heart been turned to fear and to love, and to ſerve the Lord thy God? or does thy conſcience witneſs againſt thee, that thou art yet a ſtranger to the peace and joy, as well as the obedience of the Goſpel?

If living in a Chriſtian land, and called by a Chriſtian name, thou art, nevertheleſs, no Chriſtian, repent, without delay, I beſeech thee. Receive from this time, the Goſpel as a little child. Put off that pride which ſtands in the way of thy repentance, and of thy ſalvation. Be humble and willing to learn, like this Prince Naimbanna. Read like him, the ſacred ſcriptures, with reverence and with prayer to God for his bleſſing. Soon thy days, like his, ſhall be numbered, and if thou, who art born in a Chriſtian land, ſhouldſt leave the world without having ever truly known the powerful influence of Chriſtianity, the very ſtory which thou haſt juſt read ſhall hereafter riſe up in judgment againſt thee.

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE. No. XLI.

MODERN IMPROVEMENT.

NOTHING is more repugnant to the ſpirit of the preſent free and enlightened age, than thoſe forms in religion, law and manners, which formerly enſlaved the minds, or rather the *paſſions* of the inhabitants of Europe. We, Americans, boaſt ourſelves far, very

very far, in the van of lazy Old England, in the corps of knights errant, who, like Don Quixote, are led on, (God knows where,) by the Dulcinea of imaginary perfection. It is no ſmall grievance, that at this day, in Anglo-America, we have not entirely laid aſide thoſe ſtarched, cramping forms of Britiſh oppreſſion, which once confined, like Chineſe ſhoe, and whalebone ſtays, the now unfettered foot, and rotund waiſt of the "airy, ambling" dame Freedom. Our ſtate milliners have devoted no ſmall ſhare of their annual labors in modifying her dreſs according to the ton of the times, but their tardy zeal has ſeldom kept pace with her growth and caprice. There is nothing perhaps, which the current of manners has carried further before the dead reckoning of the law, on our "tempeſtuous ſea of liberty," than the rights and immunities of apprentices. It is therefore proper that the leading ſtrings, called indentures, by which theſe young gentlemen are *bound to their maſters*—(pardon the tyranny of language,) ſhould be relaxed and lengthened, ſo that the form of the indentures ſhould give the ſame indulgence to thoſe favorite ſons of freedom, that is allowed by the liberal ſpirit of the times. The following is propoſed as a model.

This Indenture witneſſeth, That ——, Parent, or Guardian, [as the caſe may be] of ——, a Minor, by and with the conſent of the ſaid Minor, doth hereby covenant, and agree with ——, Merchant, or Trader, [as the caſe may be] That the ſaid ——, ſhall live with him ſaid ——, from ——, to ——, as an Apprentice to learn the ſaid art, trade, or calling. During all which time the ſaid Apprentice, his ſaid Maſter ſhall well and faithfully ſerve, according to the cuſtom of Apprentices or Clerks at ſaid ——; that is, the lawful commands of his ſaid Maſter, he ſhall at all times obey, when he ſhall judge it proper ſo to do. The goods of his Maſter he ſhall not waſte, except occaſionally for his own and his companions' amuſement; nor purloin the goods or caſh of his Maſter to a greater amount than five hundred dollars a year. At cards, dice, or any other faſhionable game he ſhall not play, oftener than from candle-lighting to day-break, each and every night in the week, Sundays excepted, on which day he ſhall be allowed to indulge in any amuſement, unleſs employed in poſting accounts or other neceſſary buſineſs. If he frequent ale-houſes, taverns or gaming houſes, and break glaſſes or heads, he ſhall indemnify the owners from the above perquiſites. He ſhall not contract matrimony within ſaid term, unleſs he ſhall prefer a wife to a miſtreſs; nor ſhall he be allowed to keep more than one of the latter, unleſs by retrenchments in other expenſes, he can ſupport them from the perquiſites aforeſaid. But in caſe of a phyſician's bill, or any unforeſeen additional expenſes, he may enlarge his conſcience in proportion to his neceſſities. He ſhall not commit any acts of vice or immorality which are diſcountenanced by the liberal principles and practice of young gentlemen of faſhion; nor ſhall he be guilty of the crimes and treſpaſſes of breaking doors, windows, and daubing ſign-boards, &c. except in the night; and if he

he ſhall ſuffer himſelf to be detected in ſuch acts, and cannot bring ſufficient vouchers for his good family and connexions, or that he was the better for liquor, he ſhall ſuffer the conſequences without the interference of his Maſter.

And the ſaid ——, on his part, doth hereby give his full aſſent to the above.

In witneſs whereof, &c.

N. B. As the Apprentice is allowed, like a true ſon of independence, to ſet the metes and bounds to his own liberty, binding clauſes on the part of the Maſter, are unneceſſary.

The above form, *mutatis mutandis*, with a few reſtrictions and modifications, will anſwer for the various profeſſions of mechanics in town and country.

THE LITERARY REVIEW. No. IV.

THE BOARDING SCHOOL. By a Lady of Maſſachuſetts.

[Thomas & Andrews, 1798.]

THE Author of this work is partially known to be Mrs. Foſter, wife of the Rev. Mr. Foſter, Little Cambridge, in the vicinity of this metropolis. While we rank her among thoſe who "deſerve well of our country" particularly of her own ſex, to whoſe dignity and happineſs ſhe has more immediately devoted the labours of her pen, we preſume we no more than ſubſcribe to the opinion of the reader of taſte and judgment, who has peruſed the book under conſideration.

The *Boarding School* compriſes a plan of female education, well calculated for a country like ours, where women as well as men, enjoy their natural rights; where idleneſs is conſidered as a vice, and the graces as the companions, not the ſubſtitute for virtue.

The Author ſeems ſenſible of the propriety of placing young ladies under the care of an inſtructor of their own ſex: And has judiciouſly adopted the mode of inculcating her precepts, through the medium of an experienced matron, to her fair pupils. In the beginning of the book, we are transferred in idea to the rural retreat of Mrs. Williams, "the virtuous relict of a reſpectable clergyman," who ſaw in two amiable daughters all the promiſing virtues that adorn their ſex, and from her education and parental affection, was herſelf beſt qualified to "form their infant minds." To theſe are added a ſmall number of young ladies, for the purpoſe of inſtruction, to whom ſhe extends the tenderneſs and authority of a parent, joined with the affability of a ſiſter. After her pupils have completed their courſe of education, and are about to take their leave of her ſchool, ſhe ſums up her admonitions and advice, in a ſeries of diſcourſes, on the principal branches of female education, and the moſt important duties of life. Theſe lectures may be ſaid to contain the "whole duty of woman." They are full of precepts, worthy the head of a man and the heart of a woman, communicated in a ſtyle chaſte and familiar, occaſionally illuſtrated by examples well drawn from real life,

life, and happily calculated to fix her precepts in the memory, and enforce them on the mind. As a ſpecimen, we inſert the following on

DRESS.

"DRESS," continued Mrs. Williams to her re-aſſembled and attentive pupils, "is an important article of female economy. By ſome it is doubtleſs conſidered as too eſſential. This is always the caſe, when it becomes the ruling paſſion, and every other excellence is made ſubordinate to it. A ſuitable attention to the etiquette of appearance is neceſſary to render us reſpectable in the eyes of the world; and diſcovers an accommodating diſpoſition, which is, at once, engaging and uſeful in the commerce of ſociety. Females are taxed with being peculiarly attached to, and captivated by the glare of ſplendor and ſhow. But I believe ſuperficial minds are not confined to ſex. Whatever form they actuate, to beautify and adorn it will be the principal object.

"A certain ſpecies of gaiety and airineſs is becoming in youth. Young ladies, therefore, act perfectly in character, when under proper reſtraint, they indulge their taſte in the decoration of their perſons. But they ſhould be eſpecially careful that their taſte be correct; conſiſtent with the modeſt delicacy which is the glory and ornament of woman.

"It is laudable to follow faſhions, ſo far as they are governed by theſe rules; but whenever they deviate, quit them with expreſs diſapprobation and diſguſt. Any aſſumptions of the maſculine habit are unbecoming. Dreſs and manners ſhould be correſpondent; and the engaging ſoftneſs and artleſs ſimplicity, which grace my pupils, muſt be quite inconſiſtent with the air and attire of the other ſex.

"A gaudy and fantaſtical mode of decoration is by no means a recommendation. It beſpeaks a lightneſs of mind and a vanity of diſpoſition, againſt which a diſcreet and modeſt girl ſhould guard with the utmoſt vigilance. Extravagance is a great error, even where fortune will allow the means of ſupporting it. Many are the claims which the children of affliction and want have upon the ſuperfluous plenty of the rich. How much better expended would ſome part of their redundance be, in relieving the neceſſities of ſuch, than in decorating their own perſons, with every ornament which art can contrive to create expenſe!

"Neatneſs and propriety ſhould be the main objects; for lovelineſs needs no foreign aid to give it a paſſport. Neatneſs is too often connected with the idea of a prudiſh ſingularity; but no gaudineſs of apparel, no richneſs of attire, no modiſhneſs of appearance can be an equivalent for it. Propriety is that garb which becomes our ſituation and circumſtances in life. There certainly ought to be a difference between different ages and conditions, in this reſpect. Many articles, ornamental to Miſs in her teens, would appear abſurd, fantaſtical, and ridiculous in maturer years. Neither ſhould the matronal robes, and the cloſe cap hide the natural ringlets, and eaſy ſhapes of the blooming girl.

"It is a very falſe taſte which induces people in dependent and narrow circumſtances, to imitate the expenſive mode of dreſs which might be very decent for thoſe who move in a higher ſphere.

"To

"To endeavour to conceal indigence by the affectation of extravagance, is committing a great offence, both againſt ourſelves, and the community to which we belong. The means of ſupport ſhould always be attended to. A conformity to theſe will render you more reſpected for prudence, than a deviation for the ſake of ſhow without ſubſtance, can make you admired.

"Louiſa and Clarinda are ſtriking examples. They were both the daughters of reputable parents, whoſe ſituations in the world were eaſy and comfortable, though not affluent. They were able to give their children a good education, but no other portion. Gay, volatile, and ambitious, Louiſa was the votary of faſhion. A ſuperior in dreſs excited the keeneſt ſenſations of envy in her boſom; and a rival in appearance gave her unſpeakable mortification. Diſſatisfied with her natural charms, coſmetics and paints added to her expenſes, and betrayed her folly. She had many profeſſed admirers, who found her a willing dupe to flattery, and who raiſed her vanity by praiſing her excellent taſte.

"Leander, a gentleman of liberal education, ſuperior merit, and handſome property, caſt his eye around for a companion to ſhare and enjoy theſe advantages with him. Louiſa caught his attention. The elegance of her perſon, and ſplendor of her appearance, charmed his imagination, and inſpired the idea of a fortune ſufficient to ſupport her expenſive ſtyle of living. He paid his addreſſes, and was received with the moſt flattering encouragment. But how great was his diſappointment, when he diſcovered the ſmallneſs of her reſources, and the imprudence of her management! This, ſaid he to himſelf, will never do for me. Were my income far ſuperior to what it is, it would not be adequate to ſuch unbounded extravagance. Beſides, where ſo little economy is practiſed, while under parental government, what muſt be the conſequence of that unlimited indulgence, which the confidence due to a wife demands? Were I to abridge her expenſes, and endeavour to rectify her fantaſtical taſte, it would doubtleſs foment diſſenſion, diſcord, and animoſity, which muſt terminate in wretchedneſs. He reſolved, however, to try her real diſpoſition, by gently hinting his diſapprobation of her gaiety. This ſhe reſented; and a rupture, which ended in a final ſeparation, enſued. She found, too late, the value of the man, whom ſhe had ſlighted; and ever after regretted that folly which had irretrieveably alienated his affections.

"The modeſty and neatneſs of Clarindia's garb next caught Leander's eye. Converſing with her on the ſubject of dreſs, the juſtneſs of her ſentiments gave him the higheſt ideas of the rectitude and innocence of her mind. A coſtly article was offered for her purchaſe; but ſhe refuſed it. It would not become me, ſaid ſhe, nor any other perſon who has not an affluent fortune. If I had a ſufficiency to buy it, I would procure ſomething more ſimple and neceſſary for myſelf; and the overplus might render an object of diſtreſs contented and happy.

"Yet was Clarinda always elegantly neat; always genteelly faſhionable. Frugality and economy, free from profuſion and extravagance, enabled her to indulge her own taſte entirely; and while ſhe enjoyed that, ſhe repined not at the fancied ſuperiority of others. Leander found her all he wiſhed, in appearance; all he hoped for, in reality.

As their taſtes were correſpondent, and their higheſt aim, when united, to pleaſe each other, they were not dependent on the breath of faſhion for their happineſs. A compliance with its forms did not elate their pride, nor a departure from them, fill their hearts with peeviſhneſs and diſcontent."

The Author has juſtly conſidered the art of letter-writing among the firſt of female accompliſhments. To render her work complete, ſhe has added an epiſtolary correſpondence between Mrs. W. her daughters and late pupils. Theſe letters embrace a variety of ſubjects, general and local, and are marked with that ſentiment and vivacity, which form the firſt qualities of this ſpecies of compoſition. Though this art, like that of converſation, is acquired more by practice than precept, good models are abſolutely neceſſary for the beginner, as imitation muſt always precede excellence.

The letters ſerve as a comment on the didactic part, furniſhed by experience from the common occurrences of life. While the young correſpondent finds in them a ready aſſiſtant, as a formulary, ſhe will derive from them a greater acquiſition in the cultivation of taſte and improvement in knowledge and virtue. We know of no book of modern production, which may be more ſafely recommended or promiſes greater utility to the daughters of America.

While man, ambitious to enroll his name on the liſt of fame, can ſee it written in characters of blood with exultation, and trace it in the enormity of his crimes without a bluſh; it affords pleaſure to the philanthropic mind to ſee woman aſſerting a fairer claim, and building the ſuperſtructure of her fame on the firm baſis of the ſocial affections and domeſtic virtue. To cultivate and extend theſe, appears to be the laudable object of our fair Author. The real friend of "ſocial order," we wiſh every ſucceſs to the efforts of her pen. While ſhe and her kindred ſiſters devote their labours to the cultivation of the vineyard of domeſtic happineſs, we hope their example will draw the miſemployed talents of our own ſex, from the beaten and barren field of political calumny, and convince them that laurels planted in ſuch a ſoil, will ſoon wither, and that public good muſt grow out of private virtue.

A RHAPSODY.

Half a word to the wiſe, and the other half to the otherwiſe.

HAPPINESS is the avowed purſuit of all mankind, from the king to the beggar; and the latter as often approaches it as the former. Ambition fires the breaſt of princes, and few conſider the real welfare of their ſubjects, but are animated, in moſt of their purſuits, by miſguiding pride, or deluſive vanity. From theſe motives thouſands of their people are often ſacrificed to accompliſh ſome raſh deſign, which will only tend to lead them into a labyrinth of perplexities, that may endanger their crowns, or even their perſonal ſafety. The beggar's ideas are all confined to the ſuſtenance of life and ſufficient cloathing: theſe ends obtained, it matters not to him, whether the Corſican Peacemaker reigns in Egypt or France, whether the Conſtitution is kept whole or Jefferſon

ſon is made Preſident. Having gained ſufficient alms, he ſits down to a comfortable meal at night, and enjoys his coarſe repaſt beyond all the dainties of the greateſt monarch on earth, who, cloyed with nicetics, and the refinements of the table, his appetite is vitiated, and he has no reliſh for all the profuſions of the culinary art.

To deſcend a ſtep lower, let us view the ſtateſmen at eternal warfare with oppoſition; daily and nightly he ſees and hears himſelf abuſed; his plans are marred and his projects circumvented: his abilities, nay his probity called in queſtion. His pillow is ſtrewed with thorns; reſt is a ſtranger to him; his thoughts are totally occupied for the good of his country, (for we will ſuppoſe him honeſt) whilſt his ungrateful country revile him, and repreſent him as a monſter in human ſhape.

Even in more private life, a thouſand anxieties await the rich and great. Solicitude for family connexions—a ſpendthrift ſon—an irregular daughter—a careleſs or indiſcreet wife, with a variety of other cares, throw a melancholy gloom over the life of the ſuppoſed moſt happy man.

In a word, *happineſs*, though the ultimate purſuit of every human being, from infancy to dotage, if we look round among our acquaintance, how few ſhall we find who have approached the goal of their conſtant purſuit and wiſhes? Thoſe ingredients of felicity which are in our poſſeſſion, or within our reach, we deſpiſe and contemn, becauſe we know we can command them; whilſt we ſoar at other objects that are unattainable, and which render us miſerable. When we hear of a man who unexpectedly ſucceeds to a great eſtate, and whoſe abilities and merit we are apt to think inferior to our own, we naturally ſay, at leaſt to ourſelves—"What a lucky ſcoundrel; what right had he to ſuch a fortune!" Yet ſuch reflections are mean and ridiculous, and only prove our envy and our folly.

The only man who can be conſidered happy, is he who can reconcile himſelf to his circumſtances, be they what they may; who can live within the limits of his income, and be independent of the world. But how few are there who have the fortitude and reſolution to purſue ſuch a plan of conduct! Not one in a thouſand, I might ſay ten thouſand. The luſt of power, the blandiſhments of wealth, the phantom of honour, whether it ſtalks forth with a coronet or a ribband, a title or a place, are ſo many ſtumbling blocks to our felicity, which, as the poet happily expreſſes it, is

"O'erlook'd—ſeen double by the
fool and wiſe."

X.

FASCINATING POWER OF SERPENTS.

[From the Travels of Le Valliant into Africa.]

IN the additional volumes of the Travels of Le Valliant into Africa, appear ſome very ſtriking facts relative to the faſcinating power of ſerpents. Two of them are authenticated on the evidence of the author himſelf, and the other is ſanctioned by his belief in the veracity of the relator.

The baſiliſk of the ancients, the rattleſnake, &c. have been adduced as inſtances of animals who poſſeſs the

the power of killing by their look. The power in the former has been, perhaps prematurely, treated as a fable—that of the latter has been better, though vaguely, aſcertained, but the fact has not been implicitly relied on by our naturaliſts. The teſtimony, however, of ſo reſpectable a traveller as Le Valliant, leaves it no longer in doubt, and Phyſiologiſts have now before them the curious queſtion to determine, as far as poſſible, relative to the cauſe of this extraordinary property in ſerpents.

Le Valliant ſuppoſes the effect may be produced by a power ſomewhat like that of electricity, as poſſeſſed by the torpedo and the electrical eel of Surinam. This opinion may deſerve conſideration: it does not, however, account for an effect produced without actual contact.

The inſtances produced by Le Valliant are briefly as follows:

FIRST INSTANCE.

"One day, in one of our excurſions in hunting, we perceived a motion in the branches of one of the trees. Immediately we heard the piercing cries of a ſhrike, and ſaw it tremble as if in convulſions. We firſt conceived that it was held in the gripe of ſome bird of prey; but a cloſer attention led us to diſcover upon the next branch of the tree, a large ſerpent, that with ſtretched-out neck, and fiery eyes, though perfectly ſtill, was gazing at the poor animal. The agony of the bird was terrible; but fear had deprived it of ſtrength, and, as if tied by the leg, it ſeemed to have loſt the power of flight. One of the company ran for a fuſee; but before he returned, the ſhrike was dead, and we only ſhot the ſerpent. I requeſted that the diſtance between the place where the bird had experienced the convulſions, and that occupied by the ſerpent might be meaſured. Upon doing ſo, we found it to be three feet and a half, and we were all convinced that the ſhrike had died neither from the bite, nor the poiſon of its enemy. I ſtripped it alſo before the whole company, and made them obſerve, that it was untouched, and had not received the flighteſt wound."

SECOND INSTANCE.

"Hunting one day, in a marſhy piece of ground, I heard, all at once, in a tuft of reeds, a piercing and very lamentable cry. Anxious to know what it was, I ſtole ſoftly to the place, where I perceived a ſmall mouſe, like the ſhrike on the tree, in agonizing convulſions, and two yards farther a ſerpent, whoſe eyes were intently fixed upon it. The moment the reptile ſaw me, it glided away; but the buſineſs was done. Upon taking up the mouſe, it expired in my hand, without its being poſſible for me to diſcover, by the moſt attentive examination, what had occaſioned its death."

THIRD INSTANCE.

"The Hottentots, whom I conſulted upon this incident, expreſſed no ſort of aſtoniſhment. Nothing, they ſaid, was more common; the ſerpent had the faculty of attracting and faſcinating ſuch animals as it wiſhed to devour. I had then no faith in ſuch power: but ſome time after, ſpeaking of the circumſtance in a company of more than twenty perſons, in the number of whom was Colonel Gordon; a captain of his regiment confirmed the account of the Hottentots, and aſſured me it was an event which happened very frequently. 'My teſtimony,' added he, 'ought to have the more weight, as I had once nearly become myſelf a victim to this faſcination. While in garriſon at Ceylon, and amuſing myſelf, like you, in hunting in a marſh,

marſh, I was, in the courſe of my ſport, ſuddenly ſeized with a convulſive and involuntary trembling, different from any thing I had ever experienced, and at the ſame time was ſtrongly attracted, and in ſpite of myſelf, to a particular ſpot of the marſh. Directing my eyes to this ſpot, I beheld, with feelings of horror, a ſerpent of an enormous ſize, whoſe look inſtantly pierced me. Having, however, not yet loſt all power of motion, I embraced the opportunity before it was too late, and ſaluted the reptile with the contents of my fuſee. The report was a taliſman that broke the charm. All at once, as if by miracle, my convulſion ceaſed; I felt myſelf able to fly; and the only inconvenience of this extraordinary adventure was a cold ſweat, which was doubtleſs the effect of my fear, and of the violent agitation my ſenſes had undergone.'

"Such was the account given me by this officer. I do not pretend to vouch for its truth; but the ſtory of the mouſe, as well as of the ſhrike, I aver to be a fact."

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

THE LAUGHER. No. I.

Dulce eſt diſcipere in loco. HORAT.

MONK, be not frightened—Reverend Gentlemen of the ſcarf, be not grieved—Deacon Numbhead, do not reel; for I aſſure you I will never laugh unſeaſonably.—Fellow Laughers, marvel not, although I thus publickly aſſume a title, which the rigid *Cheſterfieldians* call *clowniſh*, and although I, with the ſame publicity, in open effrontery to many of their ſtraight-haired maxims, declare, that I am glad I can laugh. I could never ſee the harm in ſhaking one's ſides, any more than in ſhaking one's head, or ſhaking hands.

Fifty incontrovertible arguments might be adduced to prove the great utility of this practice, as it reſpects the health—here, "Friends to Phyſic," ſneer not; as it reſpects the features and the ornaments of beauty: we never hear the poet chant the praiſe of the *coral lip*, without penetrating, at leaſt, as far as the *row of ivory*, which he ſometimes calls *pearls*. Now pray tell how he would have ſo exactly deſcribed his miſtreſs, and eſpecially thoſe inviſible enchanters, if the angel had never taken it into her head to have laughed at him.

I do not pretend to originality ſufficient to keep me conſtantly in ſtock, did I not occaſionally laugh at other folks; and now, Gentlemen, you are called on to point out the harm in this; provided always, that I never laugh at a ſtranger, an honeſt or poor man, merely becauſe he is honeſt or poor, or any other perſon whomſoever, without deſcribing to him, in a good-natured and tolerably polite manner, the real and primary cauſe of my mirth. If he is diſſatisfied or angry, he is juſt fit for my ſhafts, and may expect more; if otherwiſe, the great object is obtained, he is reformed—I am gratified.

If I laugh at a man's foibles, which have become troubleſome to my neighbors and myſelf; if I ſarcaſtically ſhrug at his vices, which are effecting his ſpeedy ruin, and endangering ſociety, I plead ſpecially, that

that I have not laughed but in defence of my abſolute and relative rights.—The malignant ſneer I heartily deſpiſe; it differs as much from my kind of laughing, as mine from the ſmiles of *Providence*.

It is the aim of more to be thought happy, than really to be ſo; and as this object is more eaſily obtained than ſubſtantial joy, I have given it chaſe and have gained my point.—I am called the happieſt man in the Commonwealth, and I really ſuppoſe I am.

What naturally diſpleaſes moſt people, gives me pleaſure; not becauſe I rejoice at the miſery of others; but as I take our intervals of evil to be far ſhorter than thoſe of good, I am pleaſed when evils come; becauſe they are dreaded till paſt, and becauſe I know their ſpeedy and frequent arrival will haſten their departure. The convaleſcent conſider themſelves exempts from diſeaſe and contagion; but the veteran in health looks at a ſick bed with horror, becauſe he knows he muſt have his turn.

To be able to convert all theſe into laughter, is the art I boaſt. Gay, when melancholy might bind me to deſpair; lively, when fears and apprehenſions might immerſe every enjoyment in terror, I defy theſe puny ills, which devour half the happineſs of man, and ſing when nations bleed.—I can philoſophically ridicule what are vulgarly termed unavoidable evils, and ſmile as meaningly at the death of a friend, as a churl at the death of his wife. What is irretrievably loſt cannot be a moment recalled by grief, or the loſs diminiſhed by weeping. My friend might have proved treacherous, and then would have deſerved the puniſhment he now can never receive. My brother might have withdrawn himſelf from my ſociety, and forever have debarred me the pleaſures, the loſs of which, others would mourn inceſſantly, but at which I ſmile and ſay, Amen.

A well meaning author writes not for emolument, but to make others happy. This excellence of diſpoſition I likewiſe arrogate to myſelf; for, reader, I give thee full liberty to be ſo merry when thou ſpeakeſt of me, or when thou heareſt me laugh, and to pay ſo little regard to my feelings as to laugh at me, as much as ſhall be ſatisfying. Call me ſtupid; ſay that I lack ſenſibility; ſtill I will not grieve thee with a charge of detraction; but at ſome more auſpicious ſeaſon for the *Laugher*, make thee laugh at thy groſs miſtake of a character, not the moſt laughable, but one who never laughs with more feeling ſatisfaction, than when he knows he makes his ſpecies glad.

To be always witty, or always laughing, would be like living conſtantly on ſweet-meats; therefore, thou wilt find me always brief. Never will I tire thee by telling my dreams, or ſaying my prayers; theſe are domeſtic duties, and ſhall not trouble thee. I too highly value the public taſte to laviſh much of my advice; but to be capable of pertinently laughing a raſcal out of countenance, is worthy the attention of all thoſe whoſe attention I crave; and I am convinced that the art is never gained without much practice, and a few hints from one as much experienced as the profeſſed Laugher.

SELF-

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

[From RACK's Eſſays.]

Know thyſelf. BIAS.

THE true knowledge of ourſelves is the moſt valuable of all ſciences; and to attain it, the moſt neceſſary of all acquiſitions. Upon this knowledge depend the propriety of our actions, our ſafety, and much of our preſent happineſs.

Theſe truths are generally aſſented to in theory, but ſeldom prove ſufficiently operative on our practice. Few willingly ſubmit to purſue the arduous examination, What they are—how conſtituted—what relation they ſtand in to other beings—and what is the nature, extent, and influence of their paſſions and mental faculties? Almoſt every other kind of inquiry takes place of this, although it is the moſt important of any that can employ the mind of man. While we are ſolicitous to become acquainted with every thing without us, we voluntarily remain ſtrangers to, and ignorant of ourſelves.

Three reaſons may be aſſigned for this neglect; the firſt is, that from infancy we are taught to employ the greater part of our thoughts and attention on *material* objects, and in reaſoning from, and about them. The ſecond is, that an inquiry into the nature of our own minds, and the ſtrength and influence of our faculties and paſſions, requires a ſtronger exertion of thought than is agreeable to that indolence in which mankind are too apt to repoſe. And the third is, that ſelf-examination often preſents a humiliating proſpect to the mind, and convicts it of its own folly and imprudence; and is that account diſagreeable to us. On theſe cauſes I ſhall make a few obſervations.

The uſual mode of educating youth is very unfavourable to the knowledge of ourſelves.—The years of infancy are ſpent in mere trifling and amuſement. When the period of life arrives, in which the mental faculties begin to expand and acquire vigour, the hours of inſtruction and ſtudy are confined to the common beaten track of ſchool-learning. The languages, arts, and ſciences, cloſe the ſcene, and finiſh the man. He is indeed taught the general ſyſtem of moral ethics, and perhaps ſome care is taken to enrich his mind with principles of religion and virtue: but little or no care is exerciſed to excite in him an inquiry whence his various paſſions ariſe—by what they are excited or reſtrained—how he may beſt govern and direct them aright—and what is the nature and extent of thoſe noble powers of reaſon and underſtanding which he poſſeſſes.

Hence, when he has finiſhed his education, and ripens into manhood, he is of nothing ſo ignorant as himſelf. He has never examined the cauſe of his ideas—whence his paſſions ariſe—to what they moſt ſtrongly tend—how they are beſt controlled—and what connexion the various powers of the underſtanding have with each other, and with the objects on which they are or ought to be exerciſed.—Unaccuſtomed to cloſe thinking, he ſeldom acquires that juſt train of reaſoning by which alone diſcoveries of this kind are made. Having never been taught to regulate his ideas with preciſion, he is loſt in a labyrinth. He appears a riddle to himſelf, which he cannot explain; the

the employment becomes irkſome, and flies to ſenſible objects for amuſement and gratification.

By this voluntary renunciation of their nobleſt privileges, and neglect of their mental powers, men become ſtrangers to themſelves, and remain contented in a ſtate of ignorance, which often proves fatal to their peace and happineſs. Of the ſecret ſprings of their own actions, and of the natural means Heaven has furniſhed them with to avoid error, and embrace truth, they have no clear ideas. Hence they flatter themſelves into a belief that their errors ſpring from neceſſity; that wiſdom and virtue are not in any high degree attainable in this ſtate of exiſtence, and of courſe they are not endeavouring to arrive at that perfection of which their reaſonable and intellectual nature is capable.

From the want of knowing ourſelves, ariſe two of the greateſt errors that the human mind is capable of, viz. ambition, and ſuperſtition. The man who has never, by a careful examination of his intellectual powers, diſcovered their imperfection, conſiders himſelf as a kind of an independent being, and ſets up his reaſon as the ſupreme judge and god of his idolatry. Whatever he cannot comprehend by it, he ridicules, and ſtamps with the epithet of enthuſiaſm. Hence he denies many of the ſublimeſt myſteries of the Chriſtian religion, "calls imperfection what he fancies ſuch," and in the pride of his heart ſometimes calls in queſtion the Providence, or profanely arraigns the diſpenſations and economy, of an All-Perfect Being.

Having by theſe means reaſoned himſelf out of his religion, he ſoon relaxes his ſyſtem of morals, and adapts it rather to the impulſe of his own paſſions, than the nature of things, or the revealed will of his Creator. Human laws now become the only check upon his conduct. His virtues are merely conſtitutional, or ſuch as he practiſes for the ſake of obtaining the honour and applauſe of men. His vices are indulged in proportion to the ſtrength of his paſſions, or the opportunity he has of gratifying them with preſent ſafety. To gain power, or wealth, or fame, is his principal ſtudy. At the ſhrine of theſe deities, every wiſe, religious, and moral conſideration is ſacrificed. His days are ſpent in pride, pleaſure, and a diſregard to every thing which becomes the humility of beings liable to innumerable errors and dangers, and the dignity of that immortal nature which they poſſeſs, and by which they are allied to angels.

In others, the want of knowing themſelves, produces effects of a different and oppoſite nature. From this uncultivated ground ſpring ſuperſtition and bigotry. Men of dull, phlegmatic conſtitutions, ſeeing the general prevalence of ſenſual paſſions in others, and feeling their effects in themſelves, have, through ignorance of the frame and conſtitution of the human mind, wantonly pronounced human nature itſelf as altogether fallen, wicked, and deviliſh. They have not diſtinguiſhed between the natural powers of man as the gift of his Creator, and thoſe powers when corrupted, debaſed, and perverted, by wilful diſobedience to the divine laws, and the unreſtrained indulgence of the animal paſſions. But becauſe ſome have darkened their underſtandings by vicious practice, and perverted their reaſon, theſe men condemn the whole together;—pronounce thoſe noble powers themſelves corrupt; and exclaim with all the bitterneſs of an ignorant zeal againſt the uſe of them.—Hence

ariſe many of the groſs errors in religious ſpeculation and practice, which are a ſcandal to the profeſſion of Chriſtianity. Hence ſpring bigotry, uncharitableneſs, and ſpiritual pride; and hence proceed all the idle clamour of paſſionate or weak-headed zealots againſt the exerciſe of men's reaſon and underſtanding in matters appertaining to religion. Hence alſo ariſe falſe notions reſpecting the Deity and his adorable attributes, and the erroneous modes of worſhip which we ſee adopted by the enthuſiaſtic and ſuperſtitious part of mankind, to the diſgrace of religion itſelf.

Self-examination, and an acquaintance with the nature and extent of the powers and paſſions with which we are endued, would diſcover the folly and error of that inattention which is the object of my cenſure. Many have entered on this important taſk, but from the humiliating proſpect which firſt preſents itſelf, have ſhrunk back, and ſought repoſe in ignorance. They have diſcovered, that many of their actions, which gained the approbation of the public as well as themſelves, ſprung from motives very different from thoſe to which ſelf-flattery had aſcribed to them. They ſee temperance ſometimes ſpringing from the fear of diſeaſe; chaſtity from the dread of ſhame; honeſty practiſed with a view to intereſt, and the confidence of mankind; and general regularity of manners, to obtain reſpect and honour in the world. They perhaps feel an impulſe in themſelves to many vices, which outward conſiderations only tend to reſtrain them from; and are conſcious of ſo many ſecret faults, that the proſpect becomes too painful to be long indulged.

But ſuch ſhould conſider, that whatever they ſee of this kind, it is in their power to rectify. The weakneſs of their minds may be ſtrengthened; its wanderings may be reſtrained; its languor may be invigorated; its views may be directed to proper objects, and its activity increaſed. The natural tendency of the paſſions may be explored and regulated; their career may be checked, or their force applied to ſome uſeful and ſalutary purpoſe.

The knowledge of our ruling paſſions, and to what they tend, will inſtruct us to correct their influence, timely to retreat from the objects of their gratification, and to guard the avenues, through which danger may aſſail us.

Let the man, whoſe ruling paſſion is the indulgence of his appetites, beware of truſting himſelf at a feaſt; or of joining the convivial circle over a bottle. If avarice govern him, let him call a little pride to his aid, as the leſſer evil, which will beſt correct the other, by exciting him to deſpiſe its meanneſs. If ambition rule him, he ſhould either retreat from whatever feeds it, or render it a virtue, by ſuffering it only to excite him to acts of public benefit to mankind. If honour and fame are the objects of his purſuits, and have charms which he cannot reſiſt, let him ſeek to obtain them by ſuch a courſe of virtuous and honourable conduct as merits them.

Thus moſt of our paſſions may either be reſtrained within due bounds, by encouraging their oppoſites, or rendered uſeful by turning them into proper channels. None of them were given to be extirpated or wholly reſtrained. They are only to be regulated by the more noble faculties,

ties, under the influence of a ſuperior principle.

Love is the parent of almoſt every virtue. Anger is neceſſary to prevent our ſinking into a ſtate of puſillanimity, which would encourage every ſpecies of inſult and impoſition. Avarice and prodigality ſtand oppoſed to each other; in a public light, the one is neceſſary to the being of the other; either ſingly would ſoon prove deſtructive to human happineſs. Pride, although not the proper object of man's indulgence, may under ſome circumſtances be uſeful. It prevents our relaxing into ignorance and barbariſm; it is alſo the parent of ſhame; and ſhame prevents the open indulgence of many vices in men who want a better motive. Ambition, although productive of many diſmal conſequences when indulged on a large ſcale, is often productive of good; when turned into proper channels, it becomes a ſpecies of emulation which excites men to the moſt noble and beneficent actions. This is alſo the caſe with the love of fame. In order to obtain it, many have attempted and accompliſhed things of the higheſt importance and honour to ſtates and nations, as well as individuals; and which none would have undertaken, without this powerful ſtimulus. Thus, like the elements in the natural world, the paſſions are all neceſſary, and tend to correct each other in the mind of man. And with reſpect to their prevalence in individuals, it has pleaſed the Wiſe Author of all ſo to conſtitute things here below, that "partial evil" is, in this ſenſe, "univerſal good;" becauſe all conduce to the harmony and general order of the univerſe.

But a diſcovery of the nature and tendency of our paſſions, and of the means to govern them, is not the whole advantage ariſing from ſelf-examination. We find implanted in our minds many virtuous and kind affections, which are overlooked in the hurry of life, and which is our duty and intereſt to cheriſh with the utmoſt care and diligence. Theſe, by proper culture, will expand and bloom with increaſing beauty and ſtrength; and prove a ſource of happineſs and comfort to ourſelves and others. He who examines his own heart with attention, will ſee that it is not a ſteril ſoil. The weeds and tares that frequently overſpread it, ſhew its capability of producing the exeellent fruits of virtue. The more he becomes acquainted with his weakneſs and ſtrength, the more he will ſee the neceſſity of exerting the one to aſſiſt the other; and, with an humble heart, contemplate his own dignity and importance, as a being formed for happineſs and immortality.

When he exalts his views to the nobler powers of reaſon, underſtanding, and judgment, and examines their ſtrength and extent, the proſpect becomes more pleaſing. He then ſees that he is a compound of terreſtrial and celeſtial natures; that his preſent imperfection ariſes from his connexion with this world; a connexion that will ſoon be broken; and that, when releaſed from the impriſonment and influence of theſe elements, he will ſhine forth in all his dignity as an immortal creature of God.

When he conſiders the force and extent of his intellectual powers, even while clothed with this "mortal veſture of decay," and reflects on their more glorious expanſion in the world of ſpirits, it will elevate his views;

views; lead him to aſpire after the perfection of his nature, and the true end of his being. He will ſee that his connexion with God, the ſource of all perfection and felicity, is the only ſource of his happineſs in time and throughout eternity. Although we are all the children of the Univerſal Parent by creation, there is a nearer relation in which we ſtand to him;—a relation indiſſoluble in its nature! We are emanations (if I may be allowed the term) of that celeſtial eſſence which can never be annihilated. This infinitely ſurpaſſes every other connexion in its glorious conſequences, and will remain a ſource of undecaying felicity when they ſhall be diſſolved forever.

Hence the man who *knows*, will, from a juſt ſenſe of his dignity, *reverence* himſelf. Although ſenſible of human weakneſs, he will ſee his conſequence, and feel his intellectual ſtrength; and be conſcious whence he derived it. He will not content himſelf with the amuſements and acquiſitions which terminate with time, and ſenſe, and mortal life, but aſpire after higher and higher degrees of refinement and perfection.

In proportion as he acquires the knowledge of himſelf, he will ſee the neceſſity of a ſtill more excellent attainment, even the true knowledge of God;—a knowledge which is of all the moſt intereſting and glorious.

We indeed behold the Deity in that beautiful diſplay of his works which nature exhibits. The whole earth is full of his wonders. All things declare his praiſe. But the knowledge of him, as our preſerver, our ſtrength, and refuge in this world, and the ſource of eternal bleſſedneſs in the world and life that is to come, can only be attained by an humble, reverent attention to the dictates of his Spirit of grace, manifeſted in the conſciences of all men as their only ſure guide and director in the way to his kingdom.

Whoſoever follows this divine guide, this "word nigh in the heart," will, at the cloſe of his race here, be qualified to become a member of the church triumphant, and join his *elder brethren* in glory.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

Meſſrs. HAWKINS & TILLOTSON,

If you think the following worthy your pages, it is yours.

A LESSON FOR JUDGES.

THE ſon of a rich Italian merchant had been travelling for a year in the ſouth of that kingdom, and was to have embarked at Marſeilles to viſit Spain, and thence to paſs into England. At Niſmes he fell in love with a young lady, who promiſed to marry him at his return. The unhappy young man, on quitting his miſtreſs, propoſes to himſelf the pleaſure of Vauclus, where the immortal petrarch receives the paſſing tribute of a ſigh from every traveller as he viſits chaſte Laura's tomb. As he was going through the Popiſh territory of Avignon, a murder was committed by a man dreſſed in a green frock. The young Italian had likewiſe a green frock; and the guards who were in ſearch of the murderer, guided by falſe appearances, ſeized on him, and two other men not far off;

off; they were all three loaded with irons and thrown into a gaol. The man in green, who was ſuppoſed to have committed the murder, being brought before the awful magiſtrate, and interrogated, denies, with a proper and manly aſſurance, the fact, and perſiſts in being innocent. The imperious Judge, unaccuſtomed to receive ſuch bold anſwers, after loading him with the moſt execrable expreſſions, ordered him to be put to the torture. He ſuffered all thoſe torments invented by the moſt barbarous and refined cruelty, with a ſurpriſing fortitude; they could not make him own a crime he had never perpetrated, and the only words that he uttered were, I am innocent—forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they are doing.

The proofs not being quite ſatisfactory they did not dare to condemn him to death; but upon theſe *ſemi* proofs, they ſent him to the gallies for five years, at Toulon. The young man wrote the whole of this unlucky affair to his banker at Paris, begging him not to let his father in Italy know what had happened, for fear of haſtening his death, if he thought him culpable; or of involving him in endleſs trouble by attempting to annul the fatal ſentence of Avignon; beſides, he hoped that his innocence might be clearly proved, as it happened ſoon after. The money his father allowed him for travelling was punctually remitted to the gallies by the Paris banker, who received the cuſtomary receipts with a falſe date from Madrid, London or Paris.

By the will of Providence that will never permit the innocent to ſuffer, the real murderer was condemned to the gallies for another crime, and as chance would have it, was chained to the ſame oar with the innocent young Italian. The villain behaved in ſuch a ſhocking manner that he was hated by all the ſlaves, and at length he completed the ſcore of his crimes by killing the ſerjeant of the guards. Before his execution he declared before M. de Jean, grand provoſt of Toulon harbour, that he had committed the murder near Avignon, for which another man was ſent to the gallies. His teſtimony confirmed the whole of the depoſition, and M. de Jean, in order to deliver the unhappy young man from a puniſhment he did not deſerve, began to act ſo vigorouſly, and ſo earneſtly, that the King of France ordered the young Italian to be diſcharged; and declared by his letters that he was wrongfully condemned for a crime he had not committed.

When the young man had received the moſt flattering hopes of M. de Jean, of his delivery, he wrote to his miſtreſs the whole of his ſad hiſtory, and ſhe, thoroughly convinced of the truth of his doleful tale, acquainted him immediately that his father and mother were dead, and that ſhe ſhould come to Toulon to ſee him. True love never harbours ſuſpicions; ſhe was ſure her lover could not deceive her, and repaired immediately to Toulon—to the very galley, among the ſlaves. I leave to the reader to paint to his mind the tender interview. The ſcene affected all the beholders; and it was with difficulty the two lovers were recovered to life after the mutual ſhock they were ſeized with at their firſt meeting. Two days after, his Majeſty's orders were obeyed, and the marriage was celebrated. The young couple were happy in each other, but the young man wiſh-

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ed to have his character re-eſtabliſhed in the eyes of the world. The unhappy young Italian, delivered from ſlavery through his Majeſty's orders, went poſt to Rome, and with the king's letters; his ſuit was received, and his innocence proclaimed in all parts of France and Italy.

Meſſrs. HAWKINS & TILLOTSON,

IT has long been a queſtion among Critics, whether Rhyme is on ornament, or a defect, in writing. The following Extract from a late periodical publication, on that ſubject, I think fully decides it. Yours, PROSE.

ON ENGLISH RHYME.

WHILE the ſentimental reader values himſelf upon "being pleaſed, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore," the philoſophical critic will not think it quite abſurd, to inveſtigate the ſources of the pleaſures we derive from literary productions; and to diſtinguiſh ſuch as are the genuine offspring of truth and nature, from thoſe which owe their exiſtence to falſe opinion or depraved taſte, and are preſerved by the mere force of habit and cuſtom. That we are often pleaſed with things which ought not to pleaſe us, is as true in matters of taſte, as in morals; and, in both caſes, it is only by bringing our feelings to the ſtandard of reaſon, that we can determine whether they ought to be indulged.

If, as we daily ſee, it is in the power of faſhion, by the capricious ſtrokes of his harlequin-wand, to vary, at pleaſure, the forms of beauty; and, in endleſs freaks, to make that which to-day is enchanting, to-morrow odious and ſhocking; why may not time and habit be able, by a contrary proceſs, to reconcile us to abſurdities; and to make us fancy beauty and excellence, where there is, in reality, nothing but whim and conceit? Will it, then, in this age of innovation, be thought too daring an intruſion into the myſteries of ſacred poeſy, if we venture to inquire, whether the modern practice of writing verſe in rhyme, be founded in nature and reaſon, and conſonant to the genuine principles of taſte?—or, whether the pleaſure derived from it, be not the mere effect of arbitrary aſſociation?—whether, if the origin, nature, and effects, of this practice be fairly examined, it will not be found, that ryhme, inſtead of being an ornament, is a defect, in verſe?

If we were inclined to refer the queſtion to the deciſion of authority, ſuch an appeal would be ineffectual. Againſt the oracular deciſion of Dr. Johnſon, though ſupported by the voice of other critics of no mean name, it might be ſufficient to caſt into the oppoſite ſcale the weighty judgment of Milton, who has ſaid, that "ryhme is no neceſſary adjunct, or true ornament, of poem or good verſe; but the invention of a barbarous age, to ſet off wretched matter and lame metre, graced, indeed, ſince, by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint, to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe, than they would have expreſſed them." If the ſucceſs of many modern poets, in rhyme, be urged as a proof, in fact, of the excellence

excellence of this mode of verſifying, it will remain to be aſked, whether the ſame genius, and the ſame taſte, exerciſed without "the troubleſome bondage of rhyming," might not have produced performances of ſtill higher merit. If a numerous band of great poets ſhould be thought to have given this practice the ſanction of their approbation, by writing, for the moſt part, in rhyme, it ſhould be recollected, that ſeveral of the more eminent of our Engliſh poets have expreſſed their reſtleſſneſs under this grievous yoke. Dryden, of whom Johnſon has ſaid, perhaps with exaggerated praiſe, that "to him we owe the improvement, perhaps, the completion, of our metre," calls ryhme

"At beſt, a pleaſing ſound, and fair barbarity."

Roſcommon confeſſes, that rhyme is the cauſe of many faults; and that,

"Too ſtrict to rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful laws."

Prior, in ſober proſe, complains, that rhyme "is too confined;" and that "it cuts off the ſenſe at the end of every firſt line, which muſt always rhyme to the next following, and conſequently produces too frequently an identity in ſound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram:"—"He that writes in rhymes," ſays this ſkilful rhymer, "dances in fetters." The ingenious author of Phædra and Hippolytus laments that "tyrannic rhyme ties the poet in needleſs bonds."

"Procruſtes like, the axe or wheel applies,
To lop the mangl'd ſenſe, or ſtretch it into ſize;
At beſt a crutch, that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the ſtrong;
And the chance thoughts, when govern'd by the cloſe,
Oft riſe to fuſtian, or deſcend to proſe."

Even the witty Butler, who has, perhaps, uſed rhyme to better purpoſe than any other poet, has employed his playful fancy in ridiculing it; and has acknowledged, that in rhyming couplets, one verſe is made for the other; and that

"Rhyme the rudder is of verſes,
With which, like ſhips, they ſteer their courſes."

If the merit of rhyme be eſtimated by its parentage, little can be ſaid in its favour. It can boaſt no alliance with thoſe great maſters of fine writing, the Greeks and Romans. Homer and Virgil knew nothing of rhyme; and had they known it, there can be little doubt that they would have deſpiſed it. If modern reſearch has diſcovered ſome traces of this ingenious device in the Eaſtern nations, it is certain, that with reſpect to us, the practice has originated from bards, or monks. Among the latter, the idle hours of monaſtic life were often worn away in writing wretched Latin rhymes, in honour of Chriſt, the Virgin Mary, or ſome newly-created ſaint. About the time that we find an acroſtic, with the name *Jeſus* at each end of the lines, we meet with the following tender rhymes:

"Jeſus decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel miriciſicum,
In corde nectar Cœlicum!
Quocunque loco fuero,
Mecum Jeſum deſidero,
Quam lætus cum invenero!
Quam feliæ cum tenuero!"

"Jeſus, my glory, name angelic!
'Tis in the ear, the ſweeteſt muſic;
'Tis in the mouth, honey delicious;
'Tis in the heart, nectar moſt precious:
Whatever place to me ſhall be given,
Jeſus ſtill with me, 't will be my heaven:
Wrapt in delight, wherever I find him,
While in my arms I joyfully bind him."

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The reſt *muſt not* be copied, This kind of rhymes continued to be the amuſement of the monks, till the reformation. Harrington, in his *Nugæ Antiquæ*, has preſerved a hymn, with the notes, which was ſung in their cells, till, he ſays, "goodlie king Henry ſpoiled their ſynging." The hymn was called "*Black Saunte*," or, "Hymn to Saunte Satan." From the authors of ſuch enchanting ſtrains, was it too much to expect improvements upon the Pindaric or Horatian lyre?

In order to eſtimate, correctly, the value of this improvement, let us endeavour to analyſe the nature, and inveſtigate the operation of rhyme. Rhyme is the repetition of the ſame ſound, or ſounds, at intervals, either regular, or irregular. Sometimes the rhyming ſyllables are ſingle, ſometimes double; ſometimes the rhymes occur uniformly in couplets; ſometimes they are placed alternately, or in forms ſtill more complex. In all theſe varieties, it is very evident, that the pleaſure which rhymes afford, does not altogether ariſe from the repetition of ſimilar ſounds. No ear would be gratified with the recital of a column of rhyming words, from a ſpelling-book, or a rhyming dictionary. In lines of unequal length, written without any regard to numbers, the effect of the rhymes is loſt; as will be eaſily perceived, in the following lines, from Dean Swift's Mrs. Harris's Petition:

"I was never taken for a conjurer before,
I'd have you to know:
Lord, ſaid I, don't be angry, I'm ſure, I
never thought you ſo;
You know, I honour the cloth; I deſign to
be a parſon's wife;
I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life."

As far, however, as the pleaſure of rhyme is to be referred ſimply to the frequent recurrence of ſimilar ſounds, it perhaps ariſes chiefly, if not entirely, from the ſurpriſe excited by unexpected combinations, and is to be conſidered as belonging to the lower ſpecies of wit. In converſation, ſuch combinations of ſimilar ſounds ſeldom occur; and therefore, when they happen, we uſually notice them with ſome degree of ſurpriſe. It is the continuation of the ſame perception which we experience, when we hear the frequent return of rhymes in ſtudied verſe; and hence it is, that in reading long works, written in rhyme, the pleaſure, as far as depends upon the rhyming words alone, gradually decreaſes, till, at length, the ſurpriſe ceaſing, the repetition becomes tireſome. "Rhyme (ſays lord Kaimes) rouſes the attention, and produces an emotion moderately gay, without dignity or elevation."

If this be the true explanation of the pleaſure ariſing from rhyming words, it is evident, that the uſe of this ornament, if it muſt be called ſuch, is a kind of low wit; and that the ear is gratified by it, for the ſame reaſon that the eye is amuſed by anagrams and acroſtics. It may then be fairly aſked, what alliance is there between the puerile amuſement of jingling ſyllables, and the ſublime and elegant pleaſures of genuine poetry? We are diſpleaſed, when Shakeſpeare intrudes a pun in the midſt of his noble flights of fancy, or tender ſtrokes of paſſion: what, but cuſtom, could enable us to endure, in the more elevated kinds of verſe, the perpetual intruſion of a ſtill lower ſpecies of wit, in the unuſual combinations of ſimilar ſounds? The noble exertions of creative genius are degraded, and great things are confounded with ſmall, when the poet clothes his grand conceptions in the fantaſtic dreſs of rhyming

ing couplets; and it is habit alone, which renders us inſenſible of the incongruity. Could we diveſt ourſelves of the prejudice ariſing from habit, it would be impoſſible to read two paſſages of nearly equal poetic merit, one in rhyme, the other in blank verſe;—ſuch, for example, as Pope's celebrated imitation of Homer's Night-Piece, at the end of the eighth book of the Iliad, and Milton's deſcription of Night, in the fourth book of the Paradiſe Loſt,—without feeling, that, while, in the latter, juſt and beautiful imagery appears without alloy in all the dignity of poetical language, the former loſes ſome portion of the effect of imagery equally juſt and beautiful, by an unſeaſonable and incongruous mixture of the trivial and playful.

But, it will be ſaid, that in eſtimating the value of rhyme, we ought not to conſider the mere reiteration of ſimilar ſounds, but obſerve the effect of this repetition, when combined, at regular intervals, with metrical numbers. Thus combined, rhyme is ſuppoſed to furniſh an admirable expedient for conſtructing harmonious verſes in languages whoſe metre is ſcanty and imperfect. Dr. Johnſon vindicates the uſe of rhyme, in Engliſh verſe, chiefly on this ground: "The muſic (ſays he) of the Engliſh heroic line ſtrikes the ear ſo faintly, that it is eaſily loſt, unleſs all the ſyllables of every line co-operate together: this co-operation can only be obtained by the preſervation of every verſe unmingled with another, as a diſtinct ſyſtem of ſounds: and this diſtinctneſs is obtained and preſerved by the artifice of rhyme."

In this argument it is too confidently aſſumed, that the Engliſh language is ſo defective in metrical power, as to render the help of rhyme neceſſary. If it be true, that Engliſh verſe is formed by accent, and not by quantity, it is at leaſt as eaſy to aſcertain which ſyllables in a verſe are accented or unaccented, as which are long or ſhort. If, from long habit, Engliſhmen have taught their ears to find no melody in Engliſh verſe, without the prevalence of that regular recurrence of accented ſyllables, which anſwers either to the iambic, the trochaic, or the anapæſtic foot in ancient proſody; the difficulty of framing theſe, in verſes and ſtanzas of a given form, cannot be greater than that of arranging words in all the varieties of feet and meaſure, which the ſeveral kinds of Greek and Latin verſe require. Though Engliſh poets have relied too much upon their accuſtomed auxiliary, to make many experiments in blank verſe; we are not without ſucceſsful examples to prove, that the Engliſh language is capable of metrical melody without rhyme. What ear is not charmed with Collins's Ode to Evening, or Mrs. Barbauld's Ode to Spring?

If it be allowed, that rhyme is not a "neceſſary help," it muſt, at the ſame time, be admitted to be a grievous incumbrance.

One obvious inconvenience attending the uſe of rhyme, is, that it puts a troubleſome reſtraint upon the writer in the conſtruction of his periods. Each couplet being, by itſelf, an entire ſtructure of melody, it is naturally expected, that it ſhould terminate with a pauſe in the ſenſe. In ſtanzas where the rhyme is alternate, or mixed, it is commonly thought neceſſary that the ſenſe and the melody ſhould be completed together. Where theſe rules are frequently violated, the effect of the

rhyme

rhyme and numbers is impaired. The poet, in thus bringing every period to its proper dimenſions, is ſometimes obliged to ſtretch out a ſentence beyond its proper length, but much more frequently to reſtrain his ideas, and contract his expreſſions, that both may be brought within the exact compaſs of his meaſure. As lord Kaimes ſays, "the ſentence muſt be curtailed and broken to pieces, to make it ſquare with the curtneſs of rhyme." In ſome inſtances, this may produce conciſeneſs and energy, and Pope has often been mentioned as a happy example of this effect. But whatever real advantage is gained in this reſpect by rhyme, would be as well obtained in meaſured ſtanzas without it: and it is ſurely a ſufficient check upon the flight of genius, to tie it down to the laws of verſe, without, at the ſame time, loading it with the ſhackles of rhyme.

An objection, of ſtill greater weight, againſt the uſe of rhyme, ariſes from the reſtraint which it unavoidably lays upon the writer's conceptions and expreſſion. It cannot be ſuppoſed, that, of the words which are moſt proper to expreſs the poet's ideas, a ſufficient number ſhall have ſimilar endings; and that theſe very words ſhall exactly fall into that place which at once beſt ſuits the numbers and grammatical conſtruction, and is the proper interval of the rhyme. In ſome inſtances, it muſt happen, that of the proper words in a couplet, no two ſhall be ſo fortunate in their termination, as to tally with each other. In other inſtances, though there ſhould be two rhyming words within the required limit, it may not be poſſible, without the moſt awkward tranſpoſition, or even with it, to bring theſe two words to a proper diſtance from each other at the cloſe of the lines. Whenever either of theſe caſes happen, the poet, being determined not to part with his rhymes, muſt give up his poetical idea, and thus make a ſacrifice of ſenſe to ſound.

For the ſame reaſon that the rhyming poet muſt drop many thoughts and expreſſions, which he might have wiſhed to introduce, he muſt be often guided in the choice and arrangement of his ideas by the words which he finds it neceſſary to place at the cloſe of his verſes. It will ſeldom happen, that both lines of a couplet will be entirely dictated by fancy or ſentiment; a regard to the rhyme will almoſt neceſſarily dictate the one or the other. A ſmall degree of attention to the train of ideas in many of our moſt admired poems, will ſhow, that thoughts and expreſſions are often introduced for the ſake of the rhyme, which would not otherwiſe have been admitted. This is ſo manifeſt in every page of our modern rhyming verſions of the ancient poets, that it is a perverſion of terms to call them tranſlations. The experiment has been fairly tried, by two poets of acknowledged excellence, in rendering into Engliſh verſe the firſt poem of antiquity: and though ſome may be diſpoſed to think Pope's Iliad a better poem than Cowper's, few perſons will, I believe, doubt, that, as a tranſlation, the former is inferior to the latter, and chiefly becauſe it is burdened with rhyme. The ſame effect is apparent in every other kind of ſerious poetry. Take an example from Pope's Eloiſa to Abelard:

"Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn!
Ye grots and caverns, ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,

And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to
weep!
Tho' cold, like you, unmov'd and ſilent
grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone."

Here, probably, the word *thorn*, happening to rhyme with *worn*, ſuggeſted the image of the ſecond line; the fourth line was conceived before the third, and led the poet into the trival expreſſion, "keep their vigils;" and the laſt line, alſo formed before its fellow, requiring a rhyme to the word *ſtone*, prompted the flat and inelegant phraſe, "grown unmov'd and ſilent."—When Pope had framed the ſtrong line,

"An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God,"

he was, doubtleſs, reſolved, at all events, to make another line for its ſake, and wrote, to precede it, the quaint verſe,

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod."

Even writers of the firſt order have ſometimes been betrayed, by the ſeduction of rhyme, into inharmonious and unpoetical compoſition, which could not have eſcaped them in blank verſe. Pope has hazarded the following couplets:

"Unfiniſh'd things one knows not what
to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal."
"Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs, as well as care."

And Dryden, in his rhyming tragedy of Aurengzebe has written:

——"Are you ſo loſt to ſhame?
Morat, Morat, Morat, you love the name
So well, your every queſtion ends in *that*,
You force me ſtill to anſwer you, *Morat.*"

Such miſerable jingle as this, is little better than Sternhold's *eke alſo*, and almoſt deſerves a place with the following notable ſtanza:

"And Og the giant large,
And Baſan king *alſo*,
Whoſe land, for heritage,
He gave his people—*tho*'."

Another argument againſt the uſe of rhyme, of too much weight to be omitted, is, that it produces a tireſome ſimilarity of expreſſion in different poems. The rhyming vocabulary being, in every language, exceedingly ſmall, in compariſon with that of words proper for verſe, every verſifier neceſſarily turns his thoughts to the ſame ſtrings of rhyming words which have been hacknied by former poets; and it is ſcarcely poſſible, eſpecially on ſimilar ſubjects, that the ſame rhymes ſhould not frequently ſuggeſt to different writers ſimilar ideas and expreſſions. Perhaps this circumſtance, more than any other, has contributed to produce the appearance of imitation in the writings of modern Engliſh poets, and to encourage an idea, by no means juſt, that the ſubjects of poetry are almoſt exhauſted, and that genius will, in this late age, in vain attempt any thing new.

Rhyme, then, inſtead of being an ornament, may be pronounced, in general, an incongruous appendage, and a troubleſome incumbrance of verſe. In works of wit and humour, indeed, ſuch as thoſe of Butler and Swift, rhyme poſſeſſes its proper province, and may be advantageouſly retained, as a ſource of unexpected and whimſical combinations:—but from every other kind of poetical compoſition, however bold the innovation, it might, perhaps, be a real improvement to diſmiſs it altogether. The good ſenſe, and correct taſte, of modern times, has detected the abſurdity of decking tragedy in the trim dreſs of rhyme; what is wanting, but a due attention to the ſubject, to extend the proſcription which has baniſhed rhyme from the Engliſh ſtage, to all ſerious poetry?

Whether the Engliſh language admits of any ſubſtitute for rhyme, by

by which the end of a verſe may be as diſtinctly marked, as by the dactyl and ſpondee in hexameters; whether varieties of verſe, compoſed of regular feet, ſimilar to thoſe of the ancient lyrics, can be ſucceſsfully attempted; or, whether it be more favourable to the genuine ſpirit and primary end of poetry, that metrical melody ſhould remain in the irregular and defective ſtate in which it appears in our blank verſe, are queſtions ſtill left *ſubjudice*.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN POMFRET.

IT is a natural piece of juſtice ſtill due to the memory of our author, in the firſt place, by giving ſome account of his family, to clear him from the aſperſions of fanaticiſm, which have been generally caſt on him through a notorious miſtake; and, in the next place, to defend the genuineneſs of his writings from the injurious treatment of thoſe who have either through malice or ignorance, aſcribed ſome of them to other perſons.

The true account of his family is as follows. Mr. Pomfret's father was rector of Luton in Bedfordſhire, and himſelf was preferred to the living in Malden in the ſame county. He was liberally educated at an eminent grammar ſchool in the country; from whence he was ſent to the univerſity of Cambridge; but of what college he was entered I know not. There he wrote moſt of his poetical compoſitions, took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and very early accompliſhed himſelf in moſt kinds of polite literature.

It was ſhortly after his leaving the univerſity, that he was preferred to the living of Malden abovementioned: and ſo far was he from being the leaſt tinctured with fanaticiſm, that I have often heard him expreſs his abhorrence of the deſtructive tenets maintained by thoſe people, both againſt our religious and civil rights.

This imputation, it ſeems, was caſt on him by there having been one of his ſurname, though not any way related to him, a diſſenting teacher, who died not long ago;* ſo far diſtant from the accuſation were the principles of this excellent man.

About the year 1703, Mr. Pomfret came up to London for inſtitution and induction into a very conſiderable living; but was retarded for ſome time, by a diſguſt taken by Dr. Henry Compton, then biſhop of London, at theſe four lines in the cloſe of his poem, entitled, THE CHOICE.

"And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
While I did for a better ſtate prepare."

The parentheſis in theſe verſes was ſo maliciouſly repreſented to the biſhop, that his lordſhip was given to underſtand, it could bear no other conſtruction, than that Mr. Pomfret preferred a miſtreſs before a wife; though I think the contrary is ſelf-evident; the verſes implying no more than the preference of a ſingle life to marriage; unleſs his brethren of the gown will aſſert, that an unmarried clergyman cannot live without a miſtreſs.

* Mr. Samuel Pomfret, who publiſhed ſome rhymes upon ſpiritual ſubjects, as they are pleaſed to call them.

a miſtreſs. But the worthy prelate was ſoon convinced of the prepenſe malice of Mr. Pomfret's enemies towards him, he being at that time married; yet their baſe oppoſition of his deſerved merit had in ſome meaſure its effect; for by the obſtructions he met with, and the ſmall pox being at that time very rife, he ſickened of them, and died at London, in the twenty-ſixth year of his age.

The ungenerous treatment he has ſince met with, in regard to his poetical compoſitions, is in a book, entitled, Poems by the Earl of Roſcommon and Mr. Duke;* in the preface to which the publiſher has peremptorily inſerted the following paragraph: "In this Collection (ſays he) of my lord Roſcommon's poems, care has been taken to inſert all that I could poſſibly procure that are truly genuine; there having been ſeveral things publiſhed under his name, which were written by others, the authors of which I could ſet down, if it were material." Now this arrogant editor would have been more juſt, both to the public, and to the Earl of Roſcommon's memory, in telling us what things had been publiſhed under his lordſhip's name by others, than by concealing the authors of any ſuch groſs impoſitions. Inſtead of which, he is ſo much a ſtranger to impartiality, that he has been guilty of the very crime he exclaims againſt: for he has not only attributed the proſpect of Death to the Earl of Roſcommon, which was wrote by Mr. Pomfret many years after his lordſhip's deceaſe; but likewiſe another piece, entitled, The Prayer of Jeremy paraphraſed; prophetically repreſenting the paſſionate grief of the Jewiſh people for the loſs of their town and ſanctuary; written by Mr. Southcott, a worthy gentleman now living, who firſt publiſhed it himſelf in the year 1717.† So that it is to be hoped, in a future edition of the earl of Roſcommon's and Mr. Duke's poems, the ſame care will be taken to do theſe gentlemen juſtice, as to prevent any other perſons from hereafter injuring the memory of his lordſhip.

PHILALETHES.

MEMOIRS OF FILANGIERI.

GAETAN FILANGIERI was born at Naples, in the year 1751. He was a ſon of the Prince of Arianiello, deſcended of an illuſtrious family, coeval with the original eſtabliſhment of the monarchy of the Two Siciles. It appears that his anceſtors paſſed over to Italy from France with the Norman conquerors, being in all probability natives of Angers; for the corrupt Latin name of the founder of the family was Angerius, and his children were called, in the feudal regiſters of the kingdom of Naples, Filii Angerii, from which the Italian name Filangieri was afterwards compounded. This family is not at preſent very opulent, a circumſtance, which ſuch as are acquainted with the hiſtory of Naples can eaſily account for; it being well known that about the year 1430, Jane, the ſecond queen of Naples, to gratify the ambition of her favourite, Ser Gianni Caraciolo, High Chancellor of the kingdom, procured him a large inheritance, by enacting a law which altered

* Printed for Jacob Tonſon, 1717. Octavo.

† See Miſcellaneous Poems and Tranſlations, printed for Bernard Lintot. Octavo.

altered the priſtine mode of feudal ſucceſſion, and conſequently deprived of their rights the family of Filangieri, which indiſputably was the legal ſucceſſor.

Young Filangieri ſoon became ſenſible that it was neceſſary for him to acquire the uſeful attainments of ſome learned profeſſions, to ſupport the dignity of his birth, and to compenſate for the want of a large patrimony. Accordingly he was bred to the law; the employment of an advocate being in the higheſt repute at Naples, and paving the way to ſuch conſiderable emoluments, that even individuals of the firſt nobility do not diſdain to follow it. He perceived, however, very ſoon, that the philoſophical turn of his mind was not adapted to the buſtle of buſineſs, and leaſt of all for the chicaneries of the bar; he accordingly turned his mind to ſome other means of acquiring property, and alſo of ſatisfying his paſſion for literary fame, which had now become very predominant.

His preſent Sicilian majeſty was in his youth greatly delighted with military parade, and from the year 1771 to 1774 he raiſed two new regiments, in which only the nobility and gentry were admitted; the rank and commiſſion of officer was alſo, by the ſtanding etiquette of the regiments, to be granted to no individual who did not belong to the privileged caſt of peers. Whatever might have been the merit of theſe military gentlemen in the dangers and laborious exertions of their profeſſion in time of war, they were certainly well calculated to reflect the greateſt ſplendor on the majeſty of a court, in public ceremonies, in time of peace. Two numerous regiments, compoſed of young perſons from the age of ſixteen to twenty, of a tall ſtature, richly and elegantly dreſſed, diſtinguiſhed by the luſtre of their birth, and commanded by officers of the firſt nobility, diſplaying in martial pomp all the magnificence characteriſtic of the South of Italy, afforded a ſuperb view, ſuperior, in the judgment of many travellers, to any thing of the kind known in other countries. Filangieri was appointed an officer in one of theſe regiments, which was called of the Liparots; and if he yielded to his comrades in the paraphernalia of dreſs, he certainly excelled moſt of them in comelineſs and elegance of perſon.

Much about the ſame time, in Nov. 1774, he had an opportunity of diſplaying his attainments in civil and political juriſprudence. By an edict from the king it was ordered, that, in order to provide ſome remedy for the overgrown abuſes of the tribunals, and to the intolerable deſpotiſm of the ſupreme courts of juſtice, every definitive ſentence ſhould be juſtified, by quoting ſome text from the Roman, canonical, or common law, on which it was grounded. Filangieri hereupon publiſhed a pamphlet, entitled—Reflections on the King's Edict, &c.

In the year 1775, his uncle, Seraphim Filangieri, archbiſhop of Palermo, who had occaſionally been alſo viceroy of Sicily, being promoted to the archbiſhopric of Naples, and to the dignity of prior of the Conſtantinian Order, inherent to the archbiſhopric; young Filangieri obtained, without difficulty, by the favour of his uncle, a rich commandery in that Order, and thus was enabled to devote the whole of his time to literary purſuits.

In 1781, he publiſhed the two firſt volumes of his learned work—The Science of Legiſlation, &c. It gained him a great reputation in Italy, and his name ſoon paſſed beyond the

the Alps. The third volume, however, which appeared in 1783, exalted his literary and legal character to the higheſt pitch. It contained for the moſt part a review of criminal juriſprudence, with ſtrictures on the numberleſs abuſes to which perſonal liberty was expoſed, by ſuch a motley tiſſue of incoherent and abſurd proceedings.

Much about the ſame time, Filangieri became enamoured of a young lady, of German extraction, maid of honour to her majeſty. She was a ſenſible and virtuous perſon, and worthy the affections of a man of honour. But, unfortunately for her, ſhe had no fortune, and wholly depended upon a penſion from the court. When the match was on the point of being concluded, the queen, who has always been very tenacious of the decorum of noble families, and who was conſequently ſenſible that a marriage between two perſons in high ſtation, without fortune, might be productive of diſagreeable or inconvenient reſults, interpoſed all her influence to fruſtrate their union. What do you mean to do with your children? ſaid ſhe to the lady: Are they alſo to become authors to earn their ſubſiſtence? Notwithſtanding, however, the diſapprobation of her majeſty, the match was actually concluded.

Truth obliges us to acknowledge, that his preſent Sicilian majeſty, though no adept himſelf, and never initiated in the ſciences, has always ſhewn himſelf duly conſcious of their importance, being the admirer and protector of learned men, and never expreſſing diſpleaſure at the ſtrictures of a rational philoſophy directed againſt court intrigues or the abuſe of deſpotic power. In this reſpect, he may lay claim to as large a ſhare of native good ſenſe and liberality of thinking, as any contemporary European ſovereign. This was actually experienced by Filangieri. In the year 1786, he was appointed counſellor of the finances, an employment only intended as a ſtep to more eminent dignities.

Filangieri did not long enjoy his dignity, and the proſpect of farther preferments. While his official duties required him to beſtow the greateſt part of his time in ſtate affairs and public audiences, he appropriated the remainder to the continuation of his works, and to the ſketching out of new literary avocations and purſuits. This conſiderably impaired his health. As he kept a country ſeat in Caſtellammare, on the eaſtern ſide of the Crater, in the courſe of his paſſing to and from Naples by water, he caught a violent cold, which being followed by a fever and other maladies, terminated his life in June 1788, in the 37th year of his age.

Filangieri was in perſon very handſome, tall in ſtature, with an oblong countenance. His eyes were uncommonly beautiful, and evinced a ſweetneſs, which correſponded with the gentleneſs and candour of his heart. He was an accompliſhed moral character; religious, hoſpitable, beneficent and artleſs, and not ſeldom expoſed to the ſelfiſh deſigns of crafty perſons who procured acceſs to him.

His literary abilities deſerve a farther notice. He was, without doubt, a learned and well informed man, and much addicted to ſtudy. But his natural genius has probably been over-rated. From an accurate analyſis of his works, it may eaſily be gathered, that his predominant intellectual power was memory; that his powers of imagination were not vigorous; that his want of ſtrict method

method betrays a defect of analytical inveſtigation; that he was rather a judicious ſtudent and compiler of the obſervations of others, than an original writer; that he made no extenſive reſearches beyond the common knowledge of his contemporaries; and that his ſtyle is phlegmatical, and the arrangement of his ideas immethodical. The uncommon ſucceſs of his works among the bulk of the people in Italy, was perhaps not a little owing to perſonal and local circumſtances. A young man, ſcarcely of the age of thirty, a nobleman, a lord of the court, a religious knight, and yet capable of philoſophical inveſtigations, was, at that time, deemed a prodigy. And if his writings met with equal approbation in England, France, Germany, and America, it might be partly attributed to the prevailing diſpoſition of men's minds, which, previouſly to the convulſion of the French revolution, were wholly engroſſed with ſubjects of political economy; and partly to the intereſted precautions of bookſellers and librarians, who very frequently, in their line of trade, vamp the merit of foreign publications; or (what is no leſs probable) to the ignorance of the language, which prevented them from aſcertaining faults, the diſcovery of which would have led to a correct judgment of the author's merit. In this laſt caſe, it might ſerve to prove how far the ſcience of words is or is not connected with the ſcience of ideas. Certain it is, that many Neapolitans differed much from the popular opinion, and thought they could appreciate Filangieri in his juſt value.

When Dr. Franklin wrote Filangieri a letter of invitation, requeſting him to make a voyage to America, and become the digeſtor of the civil code of the United States; Father Marone, a Dominican friar, accounted the moſt learned man in Naples, exclaimed, *It would have been better for Dr. Franklin to attend to his electric machines!* And the laughing philoſopher, D. Franceſco d'Aſtore, humouroufly obſerved, *that, previouſly to the analyſis of Filangieri's works, a preliminary problem requir'd a ſolution*, viz. *Whether it was poſſible for a nobleman, a lord of the court, an officer in the army, a Conſtantinian knight, and a nephew to the archbiſhop of Naples, to render any eſſential ſervice to philoſophy?* This ſarcaſtic ſally, however, of Mr. D' Aſtore, was rather *outre*, yet very ſuitable perhaps *to the ſtate of the human mind*, eſpecially in Italy, fifteen years ago! *Omnia fert tempus animum quoque.*

THE EAGLE. No. VII.

PATRONAGE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WHEREVER there are conſtant and general cauſes to excite ambition and raiſe hope, frequent complaints will ariſe from the diſappointments of the one and the deluſion of the other. Young, generous minds, fired with the ardor of genius, feeling in their own breaſts a large ſhare of diſintereſted benevolence, and perhaps no ſmall degree of ſelf-complacency, are apt to calculate with too much certainty on the patronage of the rich and great. The ſanguine youth views the temple of Fame, far more eaſy of acceſs than it really is, and fondly ſuppoſes the careſſes of fortune will attend him as one of its votaries. It would be happy for ſuch, while they are led on enchanted ground by the faſcinating

cinating works of genius, to peruſe now and then, the lives of their ill-fated authors. The melancholy biography of mere men of letters in all countries would teach them that genius, like virtue, muſt look to futurity alone for its ſure reward; and that however exulting may have been its matin ſong, in the morning of life, its evening lays have almoſt invariably been the mournful dirge of diſappointed hopes.

For my own part, I cannot ſee any new train of aggravated obſtacles thrown in the way of the American ſcholar. But as one of our firſt literary characters has been extremely copious in his invectives on the ſubject, and ſent abroad a frightful caricature of his country, in which none but the jaundice eyed can diſcover the leaſt reſemblance to the original; it may not be improper to attempt to wipe away the ſtain, though I have not the ability to draw a true picture.

The ingenious and truly claſſic Editor of the *Farmer's Muſeum* or *Lay Preacher's Gazette*, is the perſon to whom I allude. While the correct and elegant writings of this gentleman, have made his name dear to the amateur, the feeling friend of America would raſe from the liſt of her legitimate ſons the name which has given circulation and ſanction to ſo many groundleſs libels upon the character of his country. I ſhall confine myſelf principally to the paper, which has flouriſhed under his editorial care, to confute the charges of which it has been the vehicle. This paper, which has been replete with the bittereſt ſarcaſms upon the genius, taſte, and liberality of Americans, has afforded the moſt convincing proofs of thoſe ornamental qualities, which it denies to form a part of their character.

Patronized by a copious liſt of ſubſcribers, throughout the United States, the greater part of whom could have no other motive than the love of letters, and a wiſh to encourage the Editor, it has conſtantly complained of the ſcanty patronage afforded to men of genius and talents. Fraught with original productions, and elegant extracts, which have been read with avidity in every part of the continent, and which would have done honour to the moſt refined countries of Europe, it has confuted its ſevere reproaches upon the ſtupidity and ſordid diſpoſition of our citizens, by demonſtrating, that there are among them a reſpectable number of writers, who know how to blend the "pleaſing with the uſeful," and numerous readers, who have judgment to diſcern, inclination to peruſe, and a diſpoſition to reward the works of him, who, while he improves the ſtate of his fellow creatures, cultivates the vineyard of literature.

The Editor of the above paper, and every candidate for literary fame, in this country, ought to premiſe certain data, that will abridge their haſty calculations, which in common with thoſe of the ſame claſs, in other places, are generally too extravagant.

They reſult from the ſtate of our country. America, perſonified, is a vigorous young man, caſt upon the world, without the guidance of a parent, or the aid of a friend, whom neceſſity has compelled to chooſe the foreſt, as the ſcene of his preſent enterpriſe, and future grandeur;—whoſe perſevering induſtry has been uncommonly ſucceſsful in ſubduing the wilderneſs, and reaping from the bountiful ſoil an ample reward, in the neceſſaries of life; and who has been equally intent, and not leſs ſucceſsful, in furniſhing his mind with every

every kind of knowledge, which his circumſtances would admit, or his ſituation required.

America, in this ſituation, ſeems to addreſs our writers in becoming language. "At all events, my ſtores muſt be repleniſhed; as ſoon as I am able, my library ſhall be enlarged. The laborious ploughman, and the hardy ſailor, who expoſes his life on the ocean for my intereſt, muſt be honourably paid, in preference to thoſe, who voluntarily wield the pen for my amuſement. If your writings have a manifeſt tendency to increaſe the happineſs and advance the honor and dignity of my citizens, you ſhall not regret the time you have devoted to my ſervice. I refer you to the patronage of thoſe works, which have ſimplified and improved the European ſyſtem of inſtruction, and facilitated the education of youth; to thoſe laborious and uſeful productions which have furniſhed my citizens with the geographical knowledge of their native ſoil, the hiſtory of their particular ſtate, and the ſpirit of the laws and policy congenial to their habits and intereſt. From theſe, you may judge of the paſt: my future patronage ſhall not be leſs generous.

"When, in more advanced age, the produce of my aſſiduous labor has put me in poſſeſſion of affluence and eaſe, I will then confer an ample reward, not only on the laborious and uſeful, but the amuſing writer. But, remember, at preſent, I pledge myſelf only for the uſeful. If I occaſionally purchaſe the works of fancy and the flowers of taſte; it is from the impulſe, perhaps, the whim, of the occaſion. It is out of my uſual line; and ought to be conſidered as a *gratuity*. I muſt therefore be candid, and tell you plainly, that in my preſent ſituation, if you continue to draw your extravagant bills upon me, for your mere fancy ware, I ſhall in no caſe bind myſelf to anſwer them. If another country affords a better market for your fine commodities, you are at liberty to offer them for ſale, and I adviſe you to quit my territory."—

This appears to be the emphatic and rational language of America. She pledges all that generoſity can afford, and that prudence would juſtify.

Perhaps it would be better for the world, and as well for the writer, if his hopes were ſtill more circumſcribed, and the idea of pecuniary emolument entirely excluded. It is the ſimple, nutritive aliment of the mind, that invigorates the man, and ſtrengthens the bonds of ſociety. For my own part, I ſee, or fancy I can ſee, much more evil, than good, ariſing from the luxuries of learning. "Authorſhip" never flouriſhes as a profeſſion, till idleneſs becomes a trade.

Who would not chooſe to ſee the daughters of Columbia employed with the needle and diſtaff, rather than to ſee them, "from morn to eve, from eve to morn," led through fairy fields, to the bedlam of the noveliſt, or the "Enchanted Caſtle" of *Madam Ratcliff?* Who would not rather ſee our own ſex intent on the farm, or in the counting room, adding ſtrength, riches to the nation, than to view them from day to day, like the literary epicure, rummaging a library, gormandizing without digeſting, and more abſurd than the miſer, hoarding up treaſures of ideas, which are not communicated to others, and cannot, unleſs he becomes author, deſcend to poſterity?

And who does not lament that the great geniuſes of Europe, whoſe lives have been ſpent in ſomething worſe than "buſy idleneſs," and whoſe works have been foſtered by a more than prodigal patronage, have generated

generated chimerical theories and eccentric projects, which, like "portentous comets," have threatened, and ſtill threaten, to hurl our world from its regular courſe, into "all the viciſſitudes, crimes, and horrors of the French revolution?"

But the Guardian Genius of America decrees, that we ſhall not experience ſuch evils, from ſimilar cauſes. The pandora box of venal literature has never been opened to curſe our country. *Too much learning has not yet made us mad.* We have as much as we could acquire in our infant ſtate. Leſs would have done us honor. More may be added. Knowledge is ſought by moſt. The uſeful preferred by all. The uſeful writer alone is patronized; and his patronage is equal to his *reaſonable* expectations.

THE EDITORS TO THE PUBLIC.

[THE Author of the following work having had frequent ſolicitations to republiſh it in this *Magazine*, has, at length, conſented. And works of this nature are, by the inquirers after knowledge, always ranked high, in point of amuſement and profit, (if well written) which queſtion will alone be left for them to decide, after a peruſal. We ſhall preſent a few pages monthly—not enough to tire—and we truſt not to diſſatisfy. The reader may form ſome idea of its merit, by reading the following Letter from the celebrated Dr. PASCALIS, to the Author.]

SIR,

I HAVE read with pleaſure the Hiſtory of your voyage to the coaſt of Africa. Your excurſion among the tribes of the interior of that country, adds many authentic documents to the incomplete accounts and deſcriptions we have of that part of the world. The hoſpitable and generous treatment you have received from the *Ebo King* and Nation, are ſufficient proofs of the advantages which many celebrated philoſophers have promiſed to all powers of the earth, if, inſtead of trafficking with ſlaves and priſoners of Africa, and keeping, conſequently, thoſe nations in their cuſtomary ignorance, barbarity and warfare, they would exert themſelves in civilizing and colonizing the numerous tribes of thoſe immenſe countries. The character you give of the *Ebos* is, in every reſpect, truly obſerved and deſcribed: for the tranſported ſlaves of that nation were moſt eſteemed in our Weſt India Iſlands; they are moſt induſtrious, laborious, and ſuſceptible of generous ſentiments; their courage and ſelf-denial in misfortunes, in war, and, even on the ſcaffold, are unparalleled—Nothing is more remarkable than what you obſerve of their ideas of a future ſtate, and their hope of coming again in their native and luxuriant country; it keeps them in a conſtant and ſpontaneous readineſs to ſuicide; for I once ſaw ſix Ebos, who had hanged themſelves on the ſame tree, a few days after their arrival on a plantation of Hiſpaniola.

The merit of your publication, the candor and ſimplicity of the narrative, cauſe your readers to regret that you could not be brought again on a more extenſive field of obſervation, where you would promote, with ſucceſs, uſeful knowledge and ingenuity

ingenuity of principles; but ſomething will yet remain in your power, Sir, to ſolace yourſelf; while blindneſs deprives you of the *material* ſight of the creation, it will favour all your mental faculties, enlarge their power, and multiply all your moral enjoyments. Thus, not a ſingle moment of your life will be loſt in our common and ordinary diſtractions; all of them will find a nobler and more rational uſe in ſolitary ſtudies, in the eaſy contemplation of natural truths, in religious, philoſophical and literary inveſtigations. What then, could be more properly ſought, and united, for the honour and happineſs of your life? For which, I addreſs you my moſt ardent wiſhes.

I am, Sir, with great eſteem and friendſhip, your moſt humble and devoted ſervant,

FELIX PASCALIS.

Mr. Joſeph Hawkins.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1796.

A HISTORY *of a* VOYAGE *to the* COAST *of* AFRICA, *and* TRAVELS *into the* INTERIOR *of that* COUNTRY; *containing particular* DESCRIPTIONS *of the* CLIMATE *and* INHABITANTS, *and intereſting* PARTICULARS *concerning the* SLAVE TRADE.

By JOSEPH HAWKINS,
Formerly of New-York.

READERS of travels like travellers are rarely ſatisfied, till they know ſome particulars of thoſe with whom they are about to embark, in purſuit of advantage or pleaſure: without this knowledge, ſome diſſatisfaction, or doubt, will frequently take place in their minds. In this view therefore it is that I think proper to introduce a few particulars concerning myſelf, which, on any other occaſion, would neither be ſufficiently important or intereſting to merit relation: but as the greater part of young men are directed through life more by accident than choice, and many of their fortunes and misfortunes are to be placed rather at the door of chance than prediſpoſition; ſo, it will be uſeful on this occaſion, to mark the courſe which led me to the voyage and travels which I am about to relate, in order, that the reader may carry the remembrance of my circumſtances and ſituation in life, and the part I acted in ſome tranſactions which I have to deſcribe; that I am not an adventurer of pleaſure nor of choice, but one who ſtarted from the humble walks of private life in ſearch of a competence, and launched into the ocean of the world with no other pilot than neceſſity, or other chart than that of a youthful knowledge of the world, deſtitute of every ſtock but that of induſtry, and an active diſpoſition.

My father's family, although not popular in point of property, were reſpected for their induſtry and probity, in the town of Kingſbury, Waſhington county, ſtate of New-York, where I was born in 1772. Arrived at the age of eighteen, bred up with a diſpoſition to an active life in common with my countrymen, I was encouraged to commence a mercantile purſuit at the town of Alſburgh, in the ſtate of Vermont; where having reſided, and witneſſed the wildly rude and romantic beau-

ties,

ties, that ſurround Lake Champlain, at the end of fourteen months I found my hopes of ſucceſs in buſineſs diſappointed, and that I muſt neceſſarily ſeek ſome new purſuit.

Hearing it frequently ſaid that a young man of a moderate education and induſtrious habits, with a good recommendation, would be ſure of an eligible and conſtant employment in the ſouthern ſtates, after adviſing with my friends and making the neceſſary preparations, I determined to proceed to Charleſton, South-Carolina. I ſet out for Boſton on horſe-back, where I arrived without any very intereſting adventure, and ſoon obtained a paſſage by ſea for Charleſton, where I arrived in 20 days after leaving Boſton Harbour, heartily ſick of my firſt ſea voyage—as I called it.

My circumſtances and proſpects on arriving in Charleſton by no means equalled my wants or expectations. Diſappointed hopes, and the ſtill predominating turn of my diſpoſition, prompted me to new purſuits, urged on by the more potent ſtimulus of neceſſity, and my efforts were redoubled, but without ſucceſs. While in this unſettled ſtate, an offer was made me of a ſituation on board a Guinea Trader; the ſhip had been delayed through the want of a ſupercargo. I was ſufficiently qualified, and happy did I conſider myſelf in obtaining a ſituation reputable in its nature and highly profitable in proſpect.

We ſailed from Charleſton, the 1ſt of Dec. 1794, on board the ſhip Charleſton, J. Connelly maſter, burthen 400 tons; and after a paſſage partly boiſterous, and frequently becalmed for ſeveral days, we made the iſles of Delos on the 17th January, 1795.

Theſe iſlands are nine in number, and afford harbours and ſafe anchorage in deep water for ſhips of any burthen; they are ſix leagues from the main land of Africa, 12 deg. 30 min. ſouth lat. they are inhabited by French and Engliſh factors, who find their account in living on thoſe iſlands in preference to the main, particularly from the circumſtances of accommodation for their ſhips, which lie here with the greateſt ſafety in all weathers, and that their ſlaves cannot eaſily eſcape. The ſlaves are in thoſe iſlands ſuffered to go at large, without chains, contrary to the cuſtoms on the continent. The ſurface of the iſlands is barren and rocky, but there is abundance of fine freſh water; and proviſions are procured with facility.

From the factors here we learned that the EBO and GOLO Kings had been at war, the latter of whom having been defeated, and a great part of his army had fallen into the hands of the conqueror, they therefore adviſed us to proceed for the REYO-PONGO river, about 25 leagues ſouth-weſtward, and from thence the acceſs to the EBO nation would be eaſily ſecured, by a paſſage up that river and from thence by land, about three hundred miles from the mouth of this river; they furniſhed us with further directions, and aſſured us of a certain and good trade.

Agreeably to this information, we provided ourſelves with ſuch neceſſaries as the factors could afford us, and proceeded for the REYO-PONGO, which we made on the 5th of February, and after chooſing a proper ſituation, came to anchor in a handſome harbour within the northern bank, three leagues from the mouth of the river, cloſe to the ſhore, in view of a luxuriant country, low, and thinly covered with ſcattered woods and picturesque collections of reed.

The

The oppoſite ſide of the river appearing in perſpective, more bold and riſing in proportion to its diſtance.

The country bore the appearance of being frequently overflowed, which we afterwards learned to be the caſe: the banks were however covered with the moſt exuberant richneſs, the air was not intenſely hot, the clearneſs of the ſky charming, and the nights delightfully ſerene and tranquil.

The river abounds with fiſh, of which we caught ſeveral, different in form from any that I had ever ſeen; and the crocodiles from numbers and ſize may be conſidered as in their native empire when in the REYO-PONGO; here the number of beautiful iſlands formed by the windings and diviſions of the river into branches afford them a ſecure and peaceful retreat.

The tree moſt prominent and conſpicuous is the palm of various ſpecies, but particularly one which I underſtood to be peculiar to Africa, which I ſhall have occaſion ſubſequently to deſcribe, with a variety of uſes to which it is converted, and which render its value ineſtimable to the natives.

On the 6th of February we were viſited by numbers of the natives, who offered to barter with us fruit and ivory for our hardwares; but finding after we had exchanged a few articles, that they belonged to a nation which had been before repreſented to us as thinly inhabited, and that we could not accommodate ourſelves here as we wiſhed, we made uſe of them to obtain information concerning the country of the EBO king. We fortunately found an interpreter acquainted with that country and the trade, him we engaged, and an expedition was immediately determined upon by the captain.

After ſome conſultation, no perſon could be found ſo ſuitable for the journey as myſelf, and the captain propoſed it to me. On viewing the dangers and difficulties that muſt be neceſſarily attendant on a journey of this kind; in which I was ignorant of the country, and its language, and without any knowledge of the duties of the charge, but ſuch as might be derived from inſtructions that could not be expected to apply in all caſes that might occur, I was averſe to the attempt, and declined in engaging in it; my reaſons were not deemed ſatisfactory by the captain, whoſe orders I muſt obey, and after obtaining as full an account as the poor negro interpreter could afford me, I was obliged to provide the neceſſaries for the journey, arranged my affairs on board the ſhip, and prepared for the expedition.

An enterprize ſo hazardous, will naturally be conceived as undertaken with conſiderable anxiety and apprehenſion. I was not deſtitute of reſolution, nor unuſed to hazardous expeditions; and a habit of perſeverance acquired on the borders of the extenſive American Lakes, and on the ſides of the Green Mountains, could not be inauſpicious to an adventurer ſo young, and much poſſeſſed of the ſanguine confidence peculiar to that period of life:—I had but barely entered on the courſe of a journey, in which the flattering allurements of profit were too potent to be conquered by fears or forebodings!

I now ſatisfied myſelf of the knowledge of my guide, of his acquaintance with the languages of the people, and with the courſe of the route which we were to purſue; and, having taken precautions to cultivate a kind underſtanding between my future fellow traveller and companion, I provided myſelf with a ſtock of ammunition for ſport and defence,

defence, with a caſe of piſtols in my belt, a fuſil on my ſhoulder, and a hanger by my ſide; my friend HURDEE I furniſhed with a good fowling piece, a ſword, a handſome bow and arrows, purchaſed in the neighbouring village, ſome powder, ſhot, flints, trinkets, and a quantity of rum. With theſe we landed and ſet out on the morning of the 14th of February, accompanied by a crowd of the natives, men, women, and children, who appeared anxious to do us every ſort of kindneſs, and aid us by their good offices. They aſſiſted us in plucking fruit and paſſing over the creeks and gulleys acroſs which this day's route lay. They left us, however, about two hours before noon, and we retired to the covert to avoid the heat of the ſun, and to partake of refreſhment for the firſt time in this expedition.

About 4 o'clock, P. M. we continued our journey nearly S. E. keeping a diſtant chain of mountains that appeared like a miſt, inclining to our left. The river lay before us, extending through a tract of country variegated with cluſters of trees, plains, and ſpacious ſwamps, covered with lofty and cluſtering reeds, or canes. Here we could mark on the ſides of the rivulet the traces of the voracious crocodile, which finds in theſe receſſes a ſecure retreat. Here, likewiſe, the windings of poiſonous ſerpents, of which Africa affords ſuch multiplied variety, are frequently obſerved. In the courſe of this evening my heart frequently palpitated with alarm, and my apprehenſions figured the wide jaws of the dreadful animal, or the poiſoned tooth about to ſtrike me, and finiſh, by a miſerable death, my journey and my cares. My fellow-traveller was not deſtitute of vivacity, and being a ſtranger to fear from this quarter, took occaſion, when he ſaw me thoughtful as we walked along, to call my mind into action by explaining ſome of the African terms, which in the end proved of great utility.

After about two hours' march, we reached a deep creek; through this it was neceſſary to paſs, in order to gain the hills which we had to croſs the enſuing day, and at the foot of which we were to take our repoſe for the night. The ſide upon which we ſtood was marſhy, and that oppoſite to us ſhaggy, and covered with thick irregular uuderwood. We had been ſearching for a place convenient to ford, the current appearing too rapid, and too deep, to venture acroſs with perfect confidence, when, as I was loſt in a momentary reflection, my companion ſuddenly roared out that there was a crocodile—I had ſcarcely power to move: a ſudden ruſtling in the reeds, with a loud plunge in the water, left me totally ſtupified: HURDEE had purſued the animal and cauſed his plunging into the water, and now returning, rouſed me from my terror by immoderate laughter. I judged it prudent, however, to conceal as much as poſſible my embarraſſment, acknowledging that I was in a ſlight degree alarmed. We croſſed the creek in a place that was fordable, and ſpeedily aſcended the ſloping ſide of the oppoſite bank, which as we aſcended thickened with charming timber, and led to a long and winding range of beautiful hills, at the feet of which we could trace the river gradually narrowing to the eye, and receiving the tribute of a thouſand little ſtreams that flowed from the woods and declivities that preſented themſelves in wild but ſimple grandeur, far as the ſight could reach in an eaſtwardly direction. The approach of night, and the ſun

ſetting

ſetting behind us, threw an impoſing ſhade over this landſcape that is not capable of deſcription.

We concluded to form our encampment in one of the vallies, and accordingly proceeded to light a fire, and for the firſt time guard againſt the beaſts of prey, the traces of whoſe feet I marked with lively apprehenſion in the courſe of the day, and to keep clear of the monkies that I learned to expect in great numbers, from the accounts my guide had already given me.

We choſe a ſituation ſomewhat detached from the thickets beneath the rich and lofty palm tree, and having collected wood ſufficient to ſuſtain large fires during the night, we dreſſed our plain but delicious repaſt, compoſed ourſelves to reſt, and paſſed a tolerably eaſy night, free from every real danger, although I was ſtill in ſome fear of wild beaſts.

Our diſtance from the villages that we had left, I calculated to be not more than ſixteen miles, having purſued with little deviation the irregular courſe of the river. To this we were compelled, in order to avoid the obſtructions to which we might have been ſubjected by the inhabitants, who occaſionally reſide, at this ſeaſon of the year, contiguous to the oppoſite bank of the river. To their proximity, HURDEE informed me we might attribute the compoſure of the night, and my being releaſed from the terrific howlings of wild beaſts.

(To be continued.)

On the CHANGING SCENES *of* HUMAN LIFE.

Life glides away, *Lorenzo!* like a brook,
Forever changing, unperceiv'd the change. DR. YOUNG.

THE longer we live, the more we ſee of the vanity of life, even in its moſt engaging ſcenes. How different are the amuſements we take pleaſure in, what different objects do we purſue, and what different proſpects are preſented to our view, when arrived to manhood, to what engaged our attention, and delighted our imaginations, in the thoughtleſs years of youth and nonage!

Upon a review of my paſt life, I cannot but admire how applicable the language of inſpiration is to my juvenile employments, compared with my exerciſes in my riper years: *When I was a child, I ſpake as a child; I underſtood as a child; I thought as a child: But when I became a man, I put away childiſh things;* and yet how much like children do too many perſons act in the more advanced ſtages of human life, ſo as to put reaſon to the bluſh, and common ſenſe at defiance. This, doubtleſs, made a late eminent poet ſay,

Men are but children of a larger growth.

The rattles of infancy, the toys of childhood, and the diverſions of youth, are little inferior to the trifling and jejune purſuits the generality of mankind take delight in, even to old age. Alas! how inſipid are the pleaſures of the gay! how unſatisfying the enjoyments of the voluptuary! and how vain and deluſive the proſpects of felicity which the multitude are delighted with!—Was true happineſs attainable in the preſent life, it would be at beſt but ſhort-lived and uncertain; like the morning cloud, and early dew, it would ſoon vaniſh away, and leave the poſſeſſors of it to be food for worms and tenants of the grave: then

then how invaluable, and moſt deſerving our regard, is that bliſsful crown and kingdom which ſhall never fade away, held out by Holy Writ as the everlaſting portion of the real Chriſtian!

Let us not then, in the eager purſuit of things temporal, forget, deſpiſe, or undervalue thoſe things which are eternal. Let us not prefer the ſhadow to the ſubſtance, but uſe this world as not abuſing it, knowing the faſhion thereof paſſeth away. Oh! remember, ye candidates for immortality, what ye are created for—what ye are haſtening to—and where you muſt ere long exiſt forever, according to the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil.

All, all on earth is *ſhadow*, all beyond
Is *ſubſtance*; ——
How *ſolid* all, where change ſhall be no more! NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Then certain Philoſophers of the Epicureans and Stoics encountered him."

ATTACKED by ſuch enemies, St. Paul, I pity thee. Compared with the ſophiſtical jargon of their tongues, the buffetings of Satan were the ſoft ſtrokes of a feather.—Encountered by *Philoſophers!* What a perilous meeting! To be ſtoned at Iconium, to die in priſon at Philippi, or ſmart at all her whipping poſts, were more tolerable, than to hear one moment the abſtract impertinence, the viſionary theories of a cold, and cloſet reaſoner. His head is the web of a ſpider, his heart is the ice of Spitzbergen, his plans are the projects of Lapua, and his arguments turbid, as a hypochondriac's dream. If I ſhould be aſked, which was the moſt unlucky adventure in Paul's pilgrimage, I muſt reply, his interview with the *Philoſophic* babblers of Athens. None of his perils, and I think he enumerates eight varieties, compare with the peril of pragmatical *Philoſophy*. Ill-fated apoſtle, the Epicureans and the Stoics, encountering you, were worſe company than the barbarians of Melita, on whoſe rude coaſt you were ſtranded. Your night and day in the deep, your wearineſs and watchings, your frequent faſt, and ſuſpenſion in the baſket of Damaſcus, even if it were like Falſtaff's buck baſket, were "light afflictions, but for a moment," to the growl of the Stoic and the lullaby of the Epicurean.

Paul was not ſingular in this encounter: Perſonages as grave as the ſaint have been encountered by certain philoſophers, in the preſent age. Yes, they have met common ſenſe, morality and religion. Thank God, they have not routed them.

Hold, hold, haſty Lay Preacher; one philoſopher has publiſhed what he calls "Common Senſe." Yes, I remember the book well, and aſked that ſober matron how ſhe happened, even in 1775, to appear in ſuch diſordered attire. 'Twas in a fit of lunacy when ſhe eſcaped from her keepers.

Philoſophic encounters are, in effect, often as bloody as the battles of Buonaparte. One Helvetius with ſeveral aſſociates, many years ſince, oppoſed the ſettled opinions of the French nation. The brain pans, they aſſerted, of all men were of ſimilar capacity; but ſome were full, and others empty of education. Here was a rare diſcovery. Hence all the grades of intelligence. No

ſuch

ſuch thing as a difference in the mental organization. Next man had no ſoul. After vegetating a time, he muſt die, without even a chance for immortality; without even the nine ſtruggles of a cat. Bravo, bellowed the libertines. This is a divine doctrine, this is *Philoſophy*. Hawk-eyed *Philoſophy* did not ſtop here. She looked into the Bible and ſaw mouldy leaves. She looked up to the ſkies, and ſaw nothing. She looked down to the earth and beheld fiſhwomen, butchers, brewers; and now was the glorious time for maudlin Philoſophy to ſee double. They were larger than the life. They were magnified to a "*mountain*," they were Citizens Directors, they were Executioners, Jacobins, Friends, Reader of the Encyclopediſts, believeſt thou my repreſentation to be juſt? I know thou believeſt. I am perſuaded thou wilt think with me that all the evils, all the atrocities of the French revolution originated in a falſe, impious, and captious Philoſophy.

England has been infeſted with *Philoſophers* as well as France. You may find a majority of *Philoſophers* on many a parliamentary journal. In the ſhape of a *Clergyman* you may find them ſometimes, but not long, for they are prone to migrate. If one of them debarked on our ſhores, you may know him eaſily. He is a buſy and meddling prieſt. The noiſy "praiſe God Barebones" of the time. Addreſſer of democratic clubs and ſapper of ſtate pillars. Qualified to write verboſe inſcriptions for the charnel houſes of France, to be her *Materialiſt* in chief, and to reduce ſouls to a calx, like any ſubſtance in his chemiſtry. You may gaze, curious American, at his attired jar, and even behold the generous Cock agonized by his electricity, but when he interferes with your government, ſcowl ſovereign contempt on the interloper.

MILITARY ENTHUSIASM.

An hiſtorical Anecdote.

AT the ſiege of one of the garriſons in Flanders, the only place by which it was aſſailable was mined. The Duke of Marlborough, who commanded the beſieging army, determined to ſend a ſmall party to that ſpot, in order to oblige the enemy to ſpring the mine, and leave a free paſſage to the whole army. He accordingly ſent for an officer of known courage, and addreſſed him thus: "Sir, I have ſent for you, confident of your valour and military ardour, to employ you on a ſervice which will cauſe the town inevitably to fall into our hands." The officer thanked the general for the honour done him in being ſelected in preference to ſo many other brave officers as were in the army. "I muſt add, ſaid the general, that the ſervice required will prove inſtant death to you and your party." Undaunted by this, the brave man only requeſted to know the ſervice; which being explained to him, he retired to chooſe out the men who were to follow him in this hopeleſs adventure, then put himſelf at their head, and ruſhed on to the fatal ſpot. The beſieged, ſeeing only this brave handful of men advance, and that the general only waited the event of the exploſion to ſtorm the breach with his

his whole army, conſidered their cauſe as irretrievable; and unwilling to ſacrifice a few brave men's lives, without tending to anſwer any uſeful purpoſe, inſtantly beat the chamade.

The town ſurrendered on honourable terms, and the brave officer and his little company were ſaved from inſtant deſtruction.

Humour.

WE have received the following Letter from one of our Correſpondents, whom we ſhall undoubtedly pleaſe by making it public; and, as he ſays he is DEAD THIS MONTH, *and to be married next, if he is diſpleaſed, he can do us "* NO HARM."

Meſſrs. EDITORS,

I LIKE mightily your plan of publiſhing a liſt of *Deaths* and *Marriages* in your *Phenix*; I think it will give a ſpring to the practice. It certainly is an honour to one to have his name go all over the world after he is dead. You may think me joking; but I really wiſh you would put my name amongſt the deaths—it can do no harm; and, as we are all mortal, it may be true, before next month: Should it prove otherwiſe, depend on having an addition of *one more* to it for your other liſt in your next.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours ſincerely—

☞ *For his name* vide DEATHS.

AT the battle of *Bunker-Hill*, an Iriſh officer being mortally wounded, was peaceably breathing his laſt. Soon after, another receiving a ball, fell by his ſide; at the pain of which the latter made ſuch vehement cries and groans as to diſturb the compoſed reſignation of the dying Hibernian; being vexed at the noiſe, he accoſted him thus—"By St. Patrick you make all the groaning, I ſuppoſe you think I am not killed as well as yourſelf."

THE celebrated Montecuculi, competitor to the great Turenne, when he commanded the Imperial army, had, on a march, given orders that no perſon ſhould walk over the corn on pain of death. A ſoldier, returning from a village, ignorant of the orders, came through a corn-field. Montecuculi, who perceived him, ordered the Provoſt to hang him on the ſpot. The ſoldier, advancing towards the General, pleaded his ignorance. Montecuculi ſtill replied, "The Provoſt ſhall do his duty." As all this occurred almoſt in an inſtant, the ſoldier was not yet diſarmed; when, full of rage and revenge, he ſaid, "I was not guilty before—now I am—" and, at the ſame inſtant, fired his piece at the General; it miſſed, and Montecuculi pardoned him.

THE Scots, among other maxims of frugality, ſay, That if butter has no hairs in it, the cow that gave the milk would not thrive. An Engliſhman having ſome brought to him, in which he obſerved a great number, deſired his landlady to bring him the butter upon one plate, and the hairs upon another, that he might mix them himſelf; for he thought that in the piece he had already, the proportion of hairs was rather too much for the butter.

THE

THE Earl of S. kept an Iriſh footman. My Lord having ſent him one day with a preſent to a certain Judge; the Judge, in return, ſent my Lord half a dozen live partridges, with a letter. The partridges fluttering in the baſket upon Teague's head, as he was bringing it home, he ſat down the baſket and opened the lid of it to quiet them; whereupon they all flew away. "O the d—l burn you!" ſaid he, "I am glad you are gone." When he came home, and his Lordſhip had read the letter,—"Why Teague," ſaid he, "I find there are half a dozen partridges in the letter."—"Now, arrah, dear honey," ſaid Teague, "I am glad you have found them *in the letter*, for they are all flew out of the baſket!"

AN Iriſh gentleman who is now recruiting his company at Mancheſter, ſays, that when he was on the continent he found 50 gold aſſignats in the breeches pocket of a ſlain French ſans-culotte.

Poetry.

EXTRACT FROM THE POWER OF SOLITUDE.

An original Poem, by JOSEPH STORY.

THE artleſs Swiſs each morn his toil renews,
And gaily whiſtles as he ſkims the dews,
High mid the Alps his ruſtic carol ſwells,
Heard mid the tinklings of the wild ſheep bells;
In vain around the darkling vapours roll
To quench his ſweet tranquillity of ſoul;
O'er the cleft precipice when thunders ſleep,
And lightnings frolic with tremendous leap,
Perch'd on the clouds, which round his cottage float,
He tracks with daring ſteps the Chamois-goat;
Though far above the Avalanche impend,
And at his feet the cracking ice-rift bend,
Unmov'd he climbs along with heedleſs cheer,
In jokes more merry than the muleteer;
Sees unappall'd the torrent's headlong way,
And mocks the rainbow arching o'er its ſpray;
Or, when mild evening ſilvers all the ſcene,
With rural dance to rapture wakes the green,
O'er his young offſpring bends with ſilent care,
And cheers with tales of love his fav'rite fair.

Bleſt ſcenes of nature, where retirement's reign
Breathes ſmiling pleaſure o'er the healthy plain,
May no rude ruffian e'er your peace annoy,
Or blight the bloſſom of domeſtic joy.

What if the proud with high diſdain deride
The hamlet rude, the peaſant's humbler pride;
More real greatneſs marks his honeſt mind,
Though low his manners, and his thoughts confined,
Whoſe op'ning ſoul to mis'ry lends a ſigh,
And wipes the tear-drop from misfortune's eye,
To friendleſs merit gives a cheer reſpect,
And ſhields unletter'd genius from neglect;
Than all the minions who on fortune wait,
To feed the luxury of gorgeous ſtate.

How loves the mind to taſte ſerene repoſe,
And rove in boundleſs thought at evening's cloſe;
Beſide the murm'ring brook by mem'ry led,
To muſe on viſions now forever fled:
Recal the ſportive innocence of youth,
And warm reflection with the hues of truth;

For

For there are ſcenes, though mark'd on
childhood's page,
Whence flows a charm beyond the waſte
of age.
Evoke its trains—evoke its noiſy ſports,
Its breezy woodwalks, and its green re-
ſorts,
Round which the little heroes fondly preſt
To catch with eager ear the circling jeſt,
Or feats of pith, to every truant known,
Amus'd the crowd and won the victor's
crown;
How bright their tints in ſwift proceſſion
paſs,
Seen through the diſtant glimpſe of mem-
ory's glaſs.

Aſk the wan hermit why he wonts to
rove
In deep ſoliloquies his leafleſs grove,
To hold ſtrange converſe with the pauſing
gale,
And liſt its echoing ſobs along the vale:
—'Here, will he ſay, to Heaven and peace
reſign'd,
Mild contemplation ſoothes my ſadden'd
mind;
Here the fond ſcene, where every paſtime
grew,
When fancy ſported, for my life was new;
Still loves mine eye the weedy path to trace,
Where every evening knew the rival race,
And as the light ball tripp'd the flow'ry
way,
Loud burſts of laughter cheer'd declining
day.
Theſe all are loſt—yet, while I linger near,
Soft notes of muſic ſleep along mine ear,
And the freed ſpirits, partners of my youth,
Whiſper in tones of love the words of truth.
Theſe, theſe forbid the feeling heart to roam,
Theſe bind my footſteps to my native home.'

But can SECLUSION chaſe the demon's
reign,
When madneſs ſettles on the burning brain?
Say, can her art each ſubtler inſtinct guide,
That buoys the WILL on frenzy's fever'd
tide?
Through the fine nerves each thrilling
touch diſpenſe,
That links the motions of diſorder'd ſenſe?
Vain were the toil; ſhe boaſts no potent
charm
To cool diſtraction, or its rage diſarm;
Still muſt the maniac ſigh, by wo oppreſt,
Till paſſion ſlumbers in the grave's cold reſt.
Yet ſhall her power ſome ſecret peace im-
part,
Some moral ſolace to the wilder'd heart,
With temp'ring ſweetneſs healing balm
diſcloſe,
And ſoften grief, though not reſtore re-
poſe.

Once did the old MONK tell his ſimple
tale,
As erſt I wander'd round CHAMOUNI's
vale;
Thin ſcatter'd locks with ſilver luſtre play'd
O'er his wan cheeks and ſecret care be-
tray'd;
In tender accents flow'd his honied ſpeech,
Alike the heart to mend, the mind to teach;
And as he ſpoke of all, his ſpirit felt
The griefs that harrow, and the joys that
melt;
He ſeem'd ſome ſeraph from the pitying
ſky,
To link the hallow'd trains of ſympathy.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

LINES, penned by an amiable and affectionate Siſter, upon the Death of a beloved Brother, Mr. PAUL DUDLEY SARGENT, jun. who was drowned in the fearful Storm of November 20, 1798, *while on his Paſſage from* Sullivan *to* Boſton. *Publiſhed at the Requeſt of a Friend.*

WHEN heroes fall, and haughty ty-
rants die,
Their deeds are echo'd by the voice of
fame;
Howe'er deſerv'd, their praiſe is ſounded
high,
And venal bards immortalize their
name:
Then ſhall the milder virtues reſt unſung?
Each dear remembrance with our years
decay?
A brother ſleep the oblivious dead among,
Unmark'd by the ſoft tributary lay?

Fain would my heart do juſtice to thy
worth,

But

But ah! unequal will my numbers prove,
To ſing in faithful ſtrains thy ſpotleſs truth,
Thy filial virtue and fraternal love.

If rectitude, the guardian of thy breaſt,
If fondeſt love, if fervent prayers could ſave,
Our parents had not now, by grief oppreſt,
Pour'd their lorn ſorrows o'er thy early grave!

Yet ſhall remembrance ſtill delight to dwell
On the fair proſpect of thy opening bloom,
And oft in ſaddeſt ſtrains ſhall pity tell
Thy hapleſs fate and thy untimely doom!

For thou wert loſt upon a friendleſs ſhore,
Thrown on the beach by the receding wave,
No kindred eye to drop the pitying tear,
Or ſigh of grief to mark thy diſtant grave!

Oh! could I viſit the ſequeſter'd ſpot,
And o'er thee ſtrew the faireſt flowers of ſpring,
There mourn with heartfelt pangs thy hapleſs lot,
Then ſhould each paſſing gale thy requiem ſing.

Short was thy journey through this vale of tears,
Painful thy exit from theſe ſcenes of care,
But Heaven beyond the opening cloud appears,
And joys eternal will attend thee there.

Our few ſhort years will quickly paſs away,
When we ſhall join thee on that bliſsful ſhore,
One moment there will every toil repay,
Nor ſhall we fear to be divided more.

This thought ſhould ſoothe each grief and dry each tear,
Mild reſignation ſhould with peace attend,
To teach our hearts with fortitude to bear
Thoſe ills which ſoon in bliſs ſupreme will end.

Sullivan, 1799.

THE CHOICE.

[FROM POMFRET'S POEMS.]

IF Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
That I might chooſe my method how to live;
And all thoſe hours propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful eaſe and ſatisfaction ſpend;
Near ſome fair town I'd have a private ſeat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great:
Better, if on a riſing ground it ſtood;
On this ſide fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
It ſhould within no other things contain,
But what are uſeful, neceſſary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murm'ring by:
On whoſe delicious banks a ſtately row
Of ſhady limes, or ſycamores ſhould grow.
At th' end of which a ſilent ſtudy plac'd,
Should be with all the nobleſt authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whoſe mighty lines
Immortal wit, and ſolid learning, ſhines;
Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's ſoft paſſion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which ſtrong art with ſtronger nature joins,
Muſt grant his fancy does the beſt excel:
His thoughts ſo tender, and expreſs'd ſo well:
With all thoſe moderns, men of ſteady ſenſe,
Eſteem'd for learning and for eloquence,
In ſome of theſe, as fancy ſhould adviſe,
I'd always take my morning exerciſe:
For ſure no minutes bring us more content,
Than thoſe in pleaſing, uſeful ſtudies ſpent.
I'd have a clear and competent eſtate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately ſpend;
A little more, ſometimes t'oblige a friend.
Nor ſhould the ſons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they ſhould taſte of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could ſpare;
For that our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal plenty ſhould my table ſpread;
With healthy, not luxurious, diſhes fed:
Enough to ſatisfy, and ſomething more,
To feed the ſtranger, and the neighb'ring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
Creates diſeaſes, and inflames the blood.

But

But what's ſufficient to make nature ſtrong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and as I did poſſeſs,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bleſs.
I'd have a little vault, but always ſtor'd
With the beſt wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleaſant flavour to diſcourſe:
By making all our ſpirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the ſediment of care.
But as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven lends,
May be debauch'd, and ſerve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreſhing juice,
Does many miſchievous effects produce.
My houſe ſhould no ſuch rude diſorders know,
As from high drinking conſequently flow;
Nor would I uſe what was ſo kindly giv'n,
To the diſhonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he ſhould be free,
Us'd with reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my retreat, or to himſelf or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reaſon give,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, ſincere and great;
I'd chooſe two friends, whoſe company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well born of humours ſuited to my own,
Diſcreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From looſe behaviour or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in diſcerning, and in judging right;
Secret they ſhould be, faithful to their truſt;
In reas'ning cool, ſtrong, temperate and juſt:
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Briſk in gay talking, and in ſober, grave:
Cloſe in diſpute, but not tenacious; try'd
By ſolid reaſon, and let that decide:
Not prone to luſt, revenge, or envious hate;
Nor buſy meddlers with intrigues of ſtate:
Strangers to ſlander, and ſworn foes to ſpite;
Not quarrelſome, but ſtout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious friends to Cæſar; true,
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their ſociety I could not miſs
A permanent, ſincere, ſubſtantial bliſs.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd chooſe
(For who would ſo much ſatisfaction loſe,
As witty nymphs in converſation give?)
Near ſome obliging, modeſt fair to live:
For there's that ſweetneſs in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a ſecret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the ſpring of life, and does impart
Freſh vital heat to the tranſported heart.
I'd have her reaſon all her paſſions ſway:
Eaſy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deſerving free;
Still conſtant to herſelf, and juſt to me.
A ſoul ſhe ſhould have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wiſdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or baſe;
Quick to adviſe, by an emergence preſs'd,
To give good counſel, or to take the beſt.
I'd have the expreſſion of her thoughts be ſuch, [much;
She might not ſeem reſerv'd, nor talk too
That ſhews a want of judgment, and of ſenſe;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to ſtrangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averſe to vanity, revenge and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd;
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No cenſure might upon her actions fall:
Then would e'en envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of womankind aſtray.
To this fair creature I'd ſometimes retire,
Her converſation would new joys inſpire;
Give life an edge ſo keen, no ſurly care
Would venture to aſſault my ſoul, or dare
Near my retreat to hide one ſecret ſnare.
But ſo divine, ſo noble a repaſt
I'd ſeldom, and with moderation taſte:
For higheſt cordials all their virtue loſe,
By a too frequent and too bold a uſe;
And what would cheer the ſpirits in diſtreſs,
Ruins our health when taken to exceſs.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er aſſiſtance I had power to bring,
T'oblige my country, or to ſerve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counſel, and my ſword.
Law-ſuits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me:
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge ſo dear a rate:
For what do we by all our buſtle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain.

If

If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleaſure, eaſe, and plenty, live:
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilſt I did for a better ſtate prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a ſilent and a peaceful death,
Without a ſigh, reſign my aged breath.
And when committed to the duſt, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
Then would my exit ſo propitious be,
All men would wiſh to live and die like me.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AN HERO.

[*Written by the King of Pruſſia.*]

BY cherub hope the boſom fir'd,
Supports a lover's ardent pains;
Zeal is by recompenſe inſpir'd,
And pow'r authority maintains.
The weak by prudence ſtrength o'erthrows,
Credit by probity is gain'd,
While heav'n born health from temp'rance flows,
And wit is by contempt ſuſtain'd:
By eaſe the bleſſings of content we gain,
And eaſe by fair economy obtain.
An even ſoul, and gentle mind,
A ſoft, bewitching nameleſs grace,
I value more in womankind
Than all the beauties of the face.
I love the author who declares
The honeſt truth, in humble ſtyle,
Before the man who artful dares
With ſpecious words our ears beguile.
Would'ſt thou be happy, then this truth believe,
Virtue will joys impart, when ſcience will deceive.
Health before riches I admire,
And friendſhip more than weak ey'd pity;
Repoſe than profit more deſire,
And prudence more than to be witty.
A ſnug eſtate, from mortgage free,
A little garden to improve,
A table ſmall, but neat to ſee,
A little laſs who well can love:
Theſe are the things can real joy impart,
And fill with ſoft content the human heart.
Give me, when winter ſnows deſcend,
And ſtorms confine me to my home,
From colds and illneſs to defend,
A blazing fire in little room;
In little glaſſes good old wine,
Wherewith my choſen friends to treat;
And epicures love well to dine
On little plates of richeſt meat:
And thus with all my reaſon am I taught,
Too much of any thing is good for naught.
Too much reſt our genius dulls,
Too much love diſturbs the brain,
Too much learning makes us fools,
Too much buſ'neſs gives us pain.
Too much phyſic makes us worſe,
From too much cunning cheating grows,
Too much vigour is a curſe,
From too much ſaving av'rice flows.
Too much courage makes us raſh,
From too much riches trouble ſprings,
Too great honours are but traſh,
Too much pleaſure ſickneſs brings.
By too much confidence we loſe;
From too much wit what miſchiefs riſe;
Too much freedom's an abuſe,
Too much good nature is not wiſe;
Too much politeneſs is a thrall,
Yet all theſe things we bleſſings call.
But if we rightly will attend,
On nothing all our acts depend;
Nothing holds aloft the ſcales,
And over ev'ry thing prevails;
Nothing makes us dangers dare,
Nothing makes us oft deſpair;
On nothing all our efforts turn,
For nothing oft our boſoms burn;
War from nothing ſprings; and love,
All thy joys a nothing prove.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PARIS.

GEN. Rochambeau is reſtored to rank, and is made governor of Guadaloupe, by Buonaparte.

A great and portentous cloud hangs over the combined powers of Europe, which will either envelope her in blood, or blow off for a ſunſhine of general peace. The era of Buonaparte will be an era of importance in the hiſtory of marvellous events. The preparations of France, at this moment, are immenſe; her military eſtabliſhments,

eſtabliſhments, this campaign, exceed by far the former. The coaleſced powers have ſuffered conſiderably by the ſeceſſion of the Ruſſians; of courſe the Gallic arms will enjoy a great advantage they did not poſſeſs the laſt year; and unleſs the King of Pruſſia, rouſed by approaching danger, ſhould join the general conteſt, Auſtria will be in danger of receiving a deadly blow.

Expreſſions of the "Black Prince" Touſſaint breathe the warmeſt friendſhip for the United States, and acknowledgments for naval aſſiſtance, received by authority.

On the day appointed by Buonaparte for the commemoration of Waſhington's death, it is ſaid a very large and reſpectable concourſe of citizens and foreign miniſters attended, among whom were our Envoys. We have the pleaſure of preſenting our readers the Oration, delivered on the occaſion, which we conſider a model of eloquence.

FUNERAL ORATION.

Delivered in the Temple of Mars, Feb. 8, 1800,

BY LOUIS FONTANES.

FRANCE, unbiaſſed by thoſe narrow prejudices which exiſt between nations, and admiring virtue wherever it be found, decrees this tribute of reſpect to the manes of WASHINGTON. At this moment ſhe contributes to the diſcharge of a debt due by two nations. No government, whatever form it bears, or whatever opinion it holds, can refuſe its reſpect to this great father of liberty. The people who ſo lately ſtigmatized WASHINGTON as a rebel, regard even the enfranchiſement of America, as one of thoſe events conſecrated by hiſtory and by paſt ages. Such is the veneration excited by great characters. The American revolution, the cotemporary of our own, is fixed forever.—Waſhington began it with energy, and finiſhed it with moderation. He knew how to maintain it, purſuing always the proſperity of his country; and this aim alone can juſtify at the tribunal of the Moſt High, enterprizes ſo extraordinary.

To ſpeak the Eulogy of the hero of America, requires the ſublimeſt eloquence of the firſt of orators.—I reflect with ſentiments of admiration, that this temple, ornamented with the trophies of valour, was raiſed up in an age of genius, an age which produced as many great writers as illuſtrious commanders. Then, the memory of heroes was intruſted to orators whoſe genius gave immortality. Now, military glory ſhines with luſtre *(éclat)*; and in every country the glory of the fine arts is ſhrouded in darkneſs. My voice is too feeble to be heard on an occaſion ſo ſolemn and momentous, and ſo new to me. But as that voice is pure; as it has never flattered any ſpecies of tyranny; it has never been rendered unworthy of celebrating heroiſm and virtue.

Nevertheleſs, theſe funeral and military honours will ſpeak to all hearts; it needs not the aid of ſpeech, to raiſe ſtrong and undeſcribable emotions. The mourning which the Firſt Conſul orders for WASHINGTON, declares to France that WASHINGTON's example is not loſt. It is leſs for the illuſtrious general, than for the benefactor and the friend of a great people, that the crape of mourning now covers our banners and the uniform of our warriors. Neither do we prepare that unmeaning pomp, ſo contrary to policy and humanity, in which inſult is offered to humanity, contempt to venerable ruins, and calumny to the tomb. Every exalted idea, every uſeful truth, is ſeen in this aſſembly. I ſpeak before warriors, the honourable praiſes of a warrior, *firm in adverſity, modeſt in victory*, and *humane in every ſtage of fortune*. Before the miniſters of the French Republic, I ſpeak the praiſes of a man whom ambition never ſwayed, and whoſe every care tended to the welfare of his country; a man, unlike others who have changed empires, lived in peace in his native land; that land which he had freed, and in which he had held the higheſt rank; and died as a ſimple individual.

An affecting piece aſſociates the ſhade of Franklin with the eulogy of WASHINGTON, and recalls to mind the amiable virtues of that ſage ſo celebrated in France, whom poſterity will regard as the brother of the hero of America.

In that piece, the orator finds tints of a finer hue, to paint the virtues of the hero.

"WASHINGTON," ſays he, "offers examples not leſs worthy of imitation. Amidſt all the diſorders of camps, amidſt all the exceſſes inſeparable from a civil war, humanity took refuge in his tent, and was never repulſed. In triumph and in defeat, he was always as tranquil as wiſdom, as ſimple as *virtue*. The finer feelings of the heart never abandoned him, even in thoſe moments when his own intereſt

tereſt would ſeem to juſtify a recurrence to the laws of vengeance. This I call thee to atteſt, O youthful Aſgill! thou whoſe misfortunes have intereſted England, France and America! With what aſſiduous care did WASHINGTON endeavour to delay a ſentence, which the laws of war would have precipitated! He expected that a voice, then all-powerful, would have been heard acroſs the expanſive ocean, and demanded a pardon which could not be refuſed. That voice, ſo conformable to the feelings of his heart, was heard and felt; and the day which ſaved an innocent victim, ought to be inſcribed among the moſt glorious of victorious and independent America."

Here the author ſeems to elevate himſelf, or rather to ſoar with the great men, whoſe neceſſary courſe and inevitable deſtiny he ſo admirably deſcribes.

"It is theſe extraordinary men, who appear at intervals on this vaſt ſcene, with characters commanding and illuſtrious. An unknown and ſuperior cauſe ſends them when it is fit, to lay the foundation of new, or to build up the ruins of old empires. It is in vain that theſe men ſtep aſide, or mingle in the crowd: deſtiny leads them on; they are carried from obſtacle to obſtacle, from triumph to triumph, until they arrive at the ſummit of power. Something ſupernatural animates all their thoughts: an irreſiſtible movement is given to all their enterprizes. The multitude ſtill ſeek them among themſelves, and find them not; they raiſe their eyes, and ſee in a ſphere, dazzling in light and glory, thoſe whom their ignorance and envy would call raſh. WASHINGTON had not thoſe high and commanding traits which ſtrike every mind; he diſplayed more order and juſtice, than force and elevation in his ideas. He poſſeſſed above all, in a ſuperior degree, that quality which ſome call vulgar, but which very few poſſeſs; that quality, not leſs uſeful to the government of ſtates than to the conduct of life, and which gives more tranquillity than emotion to the ſoul, and more happineſs than glory to thoſe who poſſeſs it;—it is of good ſenſe that I ſpeak.——— Audacity deſtroys, genius elevates, good ſenſe perſerveres and perfects. Genius is charged with the glory of empires; but good ſenſe alone aſſures their ſafety and repoſe."

So many intereſts are here united with the pleaſures of once more finding French eloquence, that we are ſure of the attention of our audience, by multiplying quotations.

"———His end portrayed all the domeſtic virtues—as his life had been an illuſtrious example in war and politics. America regarded with reſpect the manſion which contained her defender; from that retreat, where ſo much glory dwelt, ſage counſels iſſued, which had not leſs weight than in the days of his power; but death has ſwept all away; he died in the midſt of thoſe occupations which ſweeten domeſtic life, and ſupport us in the infirmities of age.

"From every part of that America which he had delivered, the cry of grief is heard. It belonged to France to echo back the mournful ſound; it ought to vibrate on every generous heart. The ſhade of WASHINGTON, on entering beneath this lofty dome, will find a TURENNE, a CATINAT, a CONDE, all of whom have fixed their habitation here. If theſe illuſtrious warriors have not ſerved in the ſame cauſe during life, yet the fame of all will unite them in death. Opinions, ſubject to the caprices of the world and to time—opinions, weak and changeable, the inheritance of humanity, vaniſh in the tomb; but glory and virtue live forever. When departed from this ſtage, the great men of every age and of every place, become in ſome meaſure copatriots and cotemporaries. They form but one family in the memory of the living; and their examples are renewed in every ſucceſſive age. Thus within theſe walls, the valour of WASHINGTON attracts the regard of Conde; his modeſty is applauded by Turenne; his philoſophy draws him to the boſom of Catinat. A people who admit the ancient dogma of a tranſmigration of ſouls, will often confeſs that the ſoul of Catinat dwells in the boſom of WASHINGTON.

"The voice of republicaniſm which reſounds from every part of theſe walls, ought to pleaſe above all, the defenders of America. Can they not love thoſe ſoldiers, who, after their example, repelled the enemies of their country? We approach with pleaſure thoſe veterans, whoſe trophies add luſtre to theſe walls, and ſome of whom have gained laurels with WASHINGTON, in the wilds of Carolina and Virginia."———"But there is ſomething more due to the memory of WASHINGTON; it is the union of France and America; it is the happineſs of each; it is PEACE between the two nations. It now ſeems to me, that WASHINGTON calls to all France from the very ſummit of his dome——'MAGNANIMOUS PEOPLE! you who know ſo well how to honour glory; I have conquered

conquered for independence; the happineſs of my country was the reward of that victory. *Imitate not the firſt half of my life; it is the ſecond that recommends me to poſterity.*'

"Yes, thy counſels ſhall be heard, O WASHINGTON! O Warrior! O Legiſlator! O Citizen without reproach! He who while yet young ſurpaſſes thee in battles, ſhall, like thee, with his triumphant hands heal the wounds of his country. Even now we have his diſpoſition, his character for the pledge: and his warlike genius, unfortunately neceſſary, ſhall ſoon lead ſweet peace into this temple of war; then the ſentiment of univerſal joy ſhall obliterate the remembrance of oppreſſion and injuſtice. Already the oppreſſed forget their ills in looking to the future. The acclamations of every age will be offered to the hero who gives happineſs to France, and ſeeks to reſtore it in the contending world."

THE FRENCH PAPERS,

Which but lately were filled with the moſt groſs invectives againſt the government and people of the United States, are now "*honied* o'er" in their praiſes. The eulogies which have been pronounced on our WASHINGTON, have combined very handſome panegyrics on his compatriots; and in the "*Publiciſte*" of the 20 Pluvioſe (Feb. 8th) we meet the following

"DESCRIPTION

Of the three American Plenipotentiaries, ſent by Congreſs to treat on Peace with France.

"Mr. Elſworth is Chief of the five great Judges who compoſe the Supreme Court of the United States; which is called, the Supreme Court of the Union. He was born in Connecticut, and from his youth educated to the profeſſion of the law. His life has been wholly devoted to public affairs. He was a member of the ancient Congreſs during the war of Independence; a member of the Convention that propoſed the New Conſtitution; and Senator in Congreſs after that period. He is a man of acknowledged virtue, of rigid probity, and ſtrict morals.

"Mr. Murray is a landholder of Maryland; and ſerved during the war of Independence. He has been member of Congreſs ever ſince the adoption of the New Conſtitution, which found in him one of its moſt able and zealous ſupporters. Mr. Murray was eſteemed one of the beſt orators in Congreſs; and one of thoſe the moſt eſteemed and noticed by that Great Man upon whoſe tomb the whole United States, with every deſcription of demonſtration, and with entire unanimity, at this moment are pouring the tears of gratitude and ſorrow.

"Mr. Davie is a landholder of North-Carolina. He partook largely of the labours and of the glory of the war of Independence. He was a member of the Convention, which aſſembled at Philadelphia in '87, to diſcuſs the Conſtitution by which the United States is now governed. Since that time he has been Governor of North-Carolina; and united, in his adminiſtration, the eſteem and approbation of his fellow-citizens."

DOMESTIC NEWS.

THE Circuit Court of the United States have ſentenced John Fries, Frederick Haincy and John Gettman, the three deluded and unhappy leaders of the Northampton inſurrection. They were to have been executed the 23d inſt. but are ſince pardoned by the Preſident.

CONNECTICUT. HARTF. MAY 13.

Laſt Thurſday the General Election of the ſtate government was held in this city. His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Eſq. was choſen governor—the Honorable John Treadwell, Eſq. Lieutenant Governor.

William Williams, Joſeph P. Cook, James Hillhouſe, Roger Newbury, Hemax Swift, Thomas Groveſner, Thomas Seymour, Aaron Auſtin, Jeremiah Wadſworth, David Daggett, Nathaniel Smith and John Allen, Eſqs. Aſſiſtants.—Andrew Kingſbury, Eſq. Treaſurer.—Samuel Wyllys, Eſq. Secretary.

The following gentlemen are choſen by the freemen of this ſtate to ſtand in nomination for election in October next, as Repreſentatives in Congreſs, viz. Chauncy Goodrich, Samuel. W. Dana, Roger Griſwold, Jonathan Bruce, William Edmond, Elizur Goodrich, John C. Smith, John Davenport, junr. Elias Perkins, Calvin Goddard,

Goddard, Benjamin Talmage, Simeon Baldwin, Timothy Pitkin, junr. William Hart, William Moſeley, Sylveſter Gilbert, Epaphroditus Champion, Gideon Granger, junr. Eſqs.—*all Federal, ſave one.*

New York Election.	*Members of Congreſs.*
New York, - - -	Samuel L. Mitchill.
Dutcheſs, - - -	Thomas Tillotſon.
Columbia & Renſſellaer, - - - - -	John Bird.
Montgomery, Herkimer, &c. -	Benjamin Walker.
Albany & Schoharie, - -	K. K. V. Ranſſellaer.

We have not full liſts of this election; but we ſuſpect there is a majority of *Antis* choſen.

Maſſachuſetts Election terminates glorioufly.

The Honorable CALEB STRONG is choſen by the freemen Governor. Exult, O Maſſachuſetts! for amidſt thy ſore afflictions thou art comforted! although thy hopes have drooped, although thy pride and thy ſtrength have been cut off, yet art thou *Strong*. From among thy ſons thou ſhalt be protected, and by thine own virtues ſhalt thou be ſaved. While we joy in our proſpects of political felicity, let us bemoan our political loſs, in his Honor Lieutenant Governor MOSES GILL, who has deceaſed ſince his re-election to an office he has for many years filled, with true dignity, unimpeached by the moſt malevolent. His name is recorded in the annals of virtuous acts, and his loſs will be regretted as long as piety and merit are remembered with reverence by the undiſguiſed Chriſtian and the diſintereſted Patriot.

The Hon. Timothy Pickering, Eſq. is removed from the Secretary's office, and Gen. Marſhall of Virginia appointed his ſubſtitute. The reaſon remains in the cabinet. No charge of official guilt is made public againſt this Honorable Gentleman, who, no one doubts, has ſerved his country with fidelity, uſefulneſs and ability: neither will a peaceable mind be diſturbed at meaſures, becauſe he does not underſtand them.

Hon. James M'Henry, Eſq. is ſucceeded by the Hon. Samuel Dexter, Eſq. as Secretary of War.

Joſhua Johnſon, Eſq. of Georgetown, Maryland, formerly Conſul of the United States at London, is appointed Superintendant of the ſtamp office to be eſtabliſhed at Waſhington.

Iſrael Whelen, Eſq. of Pennſylvania, Purveyor of public ſupplies for the United States, in the place of Tench Francis, Eſq. deceaſed.

William Henry Harriſon, Eſq. (Delegate to Congreſs from the N. W. Territory) to be Governor of the Indian Territory.

Gen. John Gibſon, of Pennſylvania, Secretary of the Indian Territory.

Seth Lewis, Eſq. of Tenneſſee, Chief Juſtice of the Miſſiſippi Territory, in the place of William M'Guire, Eſq. reſigned,

Iſrael Ludlow, of the N. W. Territory. Regiſter of the land office at Cincinnati.

Thomas Waſhington, of do. Regiſter of do. at Chilocothe.

Peregrine Foſter, of do. Regiſter of do. at Marietta.

David Hoge, of Pennſylvania, Regiſter of do. at Steubenville.

James Finley, of the N. W. Territory, Receiver of Public Monies for lands of the United States at Cincinnati.

Samuel Finley, of do. Receiver of do. at Chilocothe.

Elijah Backus, of do. Receiver of do. at Marietta.

Zacheus Bigges, of Virginia, Receiver of do. at Steubenville.

John Cooper, of Georgia, Collector of the diſtrict of Brunſwick, and Inſpector of the Revenue for that port, in the place of John M'Intoſh, reſigned.

Jonas Clark, Eſq. of Maſſachuſetts, Collector of the diſtrict of Kennebunk.

Congreſs roſe on the 14th inſt. They will meet on the 3d Monday of November next, at the city of Waſhington, in the diſtrict of Columbia. They have paſſed 69 Acts, and diſbanded the proviſional army, after the 15th of June next, allowing 3 months pay to defray their expenſes home.

NAVAL.

The Cheſapeak Frigate, Capt. Barron, is to receive moſt of her crew from the Congreſs; and as her ſtores are moſtly on board, it is expected ſhe will ſoon have ſailing orders. Capt. Murray, late Commander of the Inſurgente, arrived in Philadelphia a few days ſince, to take command of the Conſtellation. Every exertion is making to refit her for ſea. The ſheers are up to ſtep her new mainmaſt, ſo that ſhe will in a few days be ready to make another cruiſe. Commodore Truxton, who is to command the Preſident, lately launched, is to have allotted to him a Captain, and we are informed he has fixed on Mr. Sterrett, his firſt lieutenant in the Conſtellation, for that ſtation.

The

The Pickering, Capt. Hillar, has captured a French ſchooner of 6 guns and 62 men, which makes 16 veſſels he has taken in 16 months.

We regret the neceſſity of mutilating the full and able report of the Congreſs Committee on the Public Debt of the United States, with the cauſes of its accumulation, &c. We can only give a view of the ſtatement in the following abſtract.

THE COMMITTEE REPORT:—

That for the purpoſe of obtaining every ſtatement from the Treaſury, which could elucidate the ſubject of inquiry, they addreſſed a letter to the Secretary of that department on the 24th of March, a copy of which is ſubjoined to this report, and on the 29th of April they received his anſwer, tranſmitting ſundry ſtatements, numbered from 1 to 9 incluſive, and exhibing, in the moſt clear and ſatisfactory manner, the moſt important of the Treaſury operations in relation to the debt, from the commencement of the preſent government. Theſe ſtatements, together with three letters from the Secretary on this ſubject, are now ſubmitted to the Houſe; and although it is certainly poſſible that ſome trivial errors may have taken place in the details which theſe documents contain, yet the committee are confident, that the general reſults which they produce muſt be correct.

The ſtatements No. 1 and 2, contain an account of the receipt and expenditure of all public money, from the commencement of the government; and whilſt they ſhow the application of the revenue to the debt, they will preſent, at the ſame time, in one view, every expenſe with which the Treaſury has been charged, and enable the legiſlature with more accuracy to decide, how far thoſe objects or the amount of expenſe in particular caſes may be diminiſhed.

The order of the Houſe having particularly directed the attention of the committee to the increaſe or diminution of debt, they have thought it their duty to bring into view the amount of debt with which the preſent government commences its operations, and to contraſt the ſame with the balance of debt on the 1ſt of January in the preſent year. In diſcharging this duty, it will become neceſſary to explain the principles on which theſe ſtatements reſt, which the committee will do in as conciſe a manner as poſſible. But before they enter upon this detail, they cannot forbear to expreſs the ſatisfaction which they feel in declaring, that the documents which have been obtained from the Treaſury, will, in their opinion, fully demonſtrate the preciſion and ability with which the buſineſs of that department has been conducted, and that by the fiſcal operations of the government, the public debt has been diminiſhed.

In aſcertaining the amount of the old debt, two different principles have been taken by thoſe who have made their calculations on this ſubject. The firſt has been, to include only the intereſt upon the debt to the cloſe of the year 1789, as the neareſt convenient period to the day when the government commenced its operations, and after deducting from the aggregate of debt the amount of funds then in power of the government, to conſider the balance as the amount of old debt. The ſecond principle has been, to take the amount of debt, as the ſame has been liquidated and funded under various acts of Congreſs, and after deducting therefrom the funds acquired or poſſeſſed by the government at the cloſe of the year 1790, to conſider the balance as conſtituting the true amount of old debt. The difference between theſe principles conſiſts in this: By the laſt mode of computation, the intereſt which accumulated upon the debt, ſubſequent to the cloſe of the year 1789, and until the debt was funded and provided for by law, is conſidered as a part of the old debt; whereas by the firſt mode of computation, that intereſt is totally excluded.

In conſequence of a difference of opinion, which it is underſtood ſtill exiſts on this point, the committee have thought proper to ſtate the debt in both modes, that the reſults in both caſes may be perfectly underſtood.

	Dolls.	*Cts.*
The nominal amount of debt on the 1ſt of Jan. 1790, as appears by ſtatement, No. 9, amounted to -	72,237,301	97
The funds then in poſſeſſion of the government, and to be deducted, were,		
Caſh in the Treaſury, Jan. 1, 1790 - -	28,239	61
Caſh in the hands of Collectors, - -	83,127	84
Bonds at the Cuſtom houſes,	590,468	60
Debts due to the United States, under contracts of the late government, collected at ſundry times,	62,586	74
Debts paid in ſpecie during the year 1789, -	15,927	13
Proceeds of the ſale of lands to the State of Pennſyl-		

vania, made by the late government, -	*Dols.*	*Cts.* 151,392 41
		931,742 33
Amount of debt, Jan. 1, 1790, - -		71,305,559 64
By the ſame document it appears, that the debt contracted by the government, as the ſame has been liquidated and funded by acts of Congreſs, amounts to -		76,781,953 14
That the funds poſſeſſed by this government on the 1ſt of Jan. 1791, and to be deducted from the debt, were as follow:		
Caſh in the Treaſury, Jan. 1, 1791, - -		570,023 88
Caſh in the hands of Collectors, - -		225,786 95
Cuſtom houſe bonds uncollected, - -		1,052,215 13
Money collected from the credits of the late government, as in the preceding ſtatement, - -		62,586 74
Debts paid in ſpecie during the year 1789, -		15,927 13
Sales of land to Pennſylvania,		151,392 41
Debts purchaſed and diſcharged during the year 1790, - -		518,424 8
		2,596,356 32
True amount of debt, Jan. 1, 1791,	*Dolls.*	74,185,596 82
By the ſame document, No. 9, it appears that the debt, excluſive of temporary loans, on the 1ſt of Jan. 1800, amounted to		76,651,820 30
Tempory loans, without deducting Bank ſhares,		3,640,000
Nominal amount of debt, Jan. 1, 1800,	*Dolls.*	80,291,820 30
Funds acquired by the government and which may be applied to face the foregoing debt—		
Caſh in the Treaſury, Jan. 1, 1800, deducting therefrom the amount of unclaimed regiſtered debt, and debt due to foreign officers, which are to be conſidered at all times as a charge on the ſpecie balance in the Treaſury,		2,061,683 49
Remittances to Holland, beyond the ſum neceſſary to meet all demands on the foreign debt, to the cloſe of the year 1799, -		548,955 84
Caſh in the hands of Collectors and Superviſors,		532,247 81
Bonds uncollected at the Cuſtom houſes, eſtimated at ſix millions, payable on an average at ſix months, deducting the intereſt for that term, leaves		5,826,214
2,220 ſhares of Bank ſtock, coſt - 888,000		
Advance, 25 per ct. 222,000		
Value	1,110,000	1,110,000
		10,079,101 14
True amount of debt, Jan. 1, 1800, -	*Dolls.*	70,212,718 16

For the purpoſe of ſhewing the rapidity with which the public debt was diminiſhing, at the time when the hoſtility of France compelled the government to incur thoſe great and extraordinary expenſes, which appear in the Treaſury ſtatements, and to enter upon that extenſive ſyſtem of defence, which has reſulted in the ſecurity of our commerce, the committee have thought it neceſſary, in addition to the preceding ſtatements, to preſent a view of the debt on the 1ſt of Jan. 1798, remarking, at the ſame time, that the reduction which at that time had been made, proves in the moſt ſatisfactory manner, the eaſe with which the debt may be extinguiſhed, whenever the government ſhall be left unembarraſſed by internal diſorder or foreign hoſtility.

The nominal amount of the debt, on the 1ſt of Jan. 1798, was	*Dolls.*	76,366,618 82
Funds to be deducted, were:		
Caſh in the Treaſury, Jan. 1, 1798, - -		1,021,889 4
Caſh in the hands of Collectors, - -		265,369 3
Caſh in the hands of Superviſors, - -		32,964 39
Value of Bonds uncollected at the Cuſtom houſes, Jan. 1, 1798, eſtimated at		6,309,[illegible]

Bank Stock, at its value,	1,110,000
	8,739,280 46
True amount of debt, Jan. 1, 1798, - *Dolls.*	67,627,338 36

From whence it reſults, that if the amount of debt on the 1ſt of January, 1800, is contraſted with the debt on the 1ſt of January, 1790, it will appear that the debt has diminiſhed by the ſum of 1,092,841 dollars and 48 cents; or if it is compared with the debt of January 1ſt, 1791, the debt has diminiſhed by the ſum of 3,972,878 dollars and 66 cents: ſo that in either mode of ſtating the account, it clearly appears that the debt has in fact been diminiſhed.

It is perhaps of little importance whether the one or the other of the preceding views is taken of the public debt, as the reſult in either caſe will be highly favourable to the financial operations of the government. The committee, however, have inclined to the opinion, that the debt, as it has been liquidated and funded by the government, after deducting the amount of funds which aroſe prior to the 1ſt of January, 1791, ought to be conſidered as conſtituting the true amount of debt, with which the preſent government has been charged by the Conſtitution.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1800.

HYMENEAL.

MARRIED,

IN this town, Mr. Elijah Williams, to Miſs Rebecca Armſtrong.

Capt. John Powell, to Miſs Suſannah King, of Portſmouth.

Mr. Daniel Packard, to Miſs Agnes Orr.

Capt. Iſrael Loring, to Miſs Sally Lebay.

Mr. William Whall, jun. to Miſs Maria Jane Stokes.

At *Portland*, Mr. John Warren, to Miſs Rebecca Burnham.

At *Philadelphia*, Mr. John C. Browne, to Miſs Hannah Lloyd.

Mr. Stephen Payran, to Miſs Eliza Etris.

At *Providence*, Mr. Wm. Blodget, jun. merchant, to Miſs Mary Ann Power.

Mr. Joſeph Brown, of Briſtol, to Miſs Cathering Metcalf, of Providence.

Maj. Jona. Tiffany, to Miſs Nancy Pitman.

At *Barnſtable* (Maſſ.) Mr. Lemuel Bradford, of Portland, to Miſs Hitty Hinckley, of the former place.

At *Higham*, Rev. Peter Whitney, to Miſs Jane Lincoln.

At *Newton*, Mr. Thomas Haſtings, merchant, to Mrs. Elizabeth Jackſon, of Cambridge.

At *Springfield*, Mr. James Byers, jun. merchant, to Miſs Sophia Dwight, daughter of Jonathan Dwight, Eſq.

At *Watertown*, Dr. Walter Hunnewell, to Miſs Suſan Cook.

At *Cambridge*, Mr. Samuel Morſe, of Boſton, to Miſs Eliza Barnard.

At *Salem*, Mr. Samuel Chever, to Miſs Hannah Clark.

At *Newbury*, Mr. Daniel Wells, to Miſs Rebecca Ruſſel.

At *Leominſter*, Mr. Iſrael Nichols, to Miſs Eſther Gowing.

At *Bedford*, Mr. Matthew Pollard, to Mrs. Elizabeth Lane, after a long and moderate courtſhip of *only* 25 years.

At *Nantucket*, Mr. Barzilla Wyer, to Miſs Elizabeth Ruſſel.

Mr. John Emmett, to Miſs Lydia Pollard.

Mr. Thad. Huſſey, to Miſs Phebe Chaſe.

In South Friends' Meeting-Houſe, Mr. Abiſhai Gardner, to Miſs Eunice Coleman.

Mr. Reuben Dow, to Miſs Elizabeth Bunker.

Mr. Alexander Folger, to Miſs Rebecca Folger.

OBITUARY.

DIED,

IN this town, Capt Mungo Mackay, jun. aged 35.

Capt. Hezekiah Welch, aged 71, Mate of the Maſſachuſetts Revenue Cutter.

Mr. Aaron McLintock, aged 38.

Mrs. Mary Woodcock.

Mrs. Mary Ingraham, aged 87.

At *Medford*, Ebenezer Hall, Eſq. aged 63.

At *Salem*, Mr. Joſeph Bowditch, aged 42.

At *Braintree*, Caleb Hayward, Eſq. Æt. 48.

At *Auguſta* (Lincoln county, ſtate of Georgia) The celebrated Andrew Weſt.

At *Charleſton* (S. C.) Mrs. Frances Baſs, wife of Capt. J. Baſs.

At *Philadelphia*, Tench Francis, Eſq. Purveyor of the United States, aged 69.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence, wife of the Hon. John Lawrence, Eſq. Senator of the United States from the ſtate of New York.

At *Nantucket*, Mrs. Lydia Folger, conſort of Capt. John Folger, aged 75.

At *Chilmark*, Mr. Samuel Mahew, Æt. 89.

At *New-York*, Mary, wife of Dr. Stephen Ward.

At *Hanover* (N. H.) Mrs. Marble, wife of Mr. Thomas Marble, aged 69; fell from her chair when engaged in converſation, and inſtantly expired.

At *Lebanon* (N. H.) Mr. Mitchell; drowned in attempting to croſs Connecticut River on a raft.

At *Weſt-Hartford* (Conn.) when on a viſit from Johnſtown (New-York) Mr. Daniel Horſner, aged 52. He went to bed in apparent health, and was found a corpſe in the morning.

At *Gorham*, Mrs. Sarah Foſter, aged 99.

At *Milford*, Ezekiel Cornell, Eſq. aged 68;—late of Scituate (R. I.) He ſerved ſeveral yerrs in our Revolutionary War as a Brigadier-General; and has ſuſtained ſeveral civil offices.

At *Saratoga* (New-York) Mrs. Rachel Harris, relict of the late Timothy Harris, Eſq. aged 80; a woman of ſtrict piety, and the prolongation of whoſe life ſeemed the benignant ſmile of her God, upon her numerous offspring.

At *Ruſſel*, Mr. Noah Burt, of Southampton, aged 66. He was drowned in attempting to croſs Weſtfield-River on horſeback.

At *Alſtead*, Mr. Jonas Newton, aged 56.

At *Knoxville*, Wm. Blount, Eſq. aged 56, formerly Governor of Tenneſſee, and Senator of the United States.

At *Sutton*, Deac. Willis Hall, and his Wife; the latter aged 74, died on the 7th, and the former, aged 84, on the 10th April: they were both interred in one grave.

At *Chranſton*, Capt. Ph. Sheldon, aged 90. His widow is 86 years old, and his poſterity 86 in number.

At *Windham*, Mr. John Sweet, aged 74.

At *North-Yarmouth*, Capt. Wm. Weeks, aged 70.

At *Freeport*, Mrs. Betſey Soul, wife of Capt. John Soul.

At *Paſſamaquaddy*, Capt. Jonathan Bradford, maſter of the packet of that town.

At *Brownfield*, on the 22d ult. of the dropſy, Mrs. Eliza Brown, widow of Henry Young Brown, Eſq. late of that place, deceaſed; in the 70th year of her age.

At *Hebron* (Conn.) Deac. Iſaac Ford, in an advanced age, full of good deeds, and much lamented.

At *Fryeburg* (Maine) on the 19th ult. Mr. Caleb Page Feſſenden, ſecond ſon of the Rev. William Feſſenden, of that place, in the 20th year of his age, after a conſumptive illneſs of about five months; during which he exhibited a ſtriking example of patience, fortitude, and reſignation; he was more anxious for his friends, and the trouble he gave them, than for himſelf; and wiſhed to live that he might reward them, more than for his own enjoyment; though much emaciated, his mental faculties ſhone with their uſual luſtre. Senſible of his approaching diſſolution, he ſpake of his ſituation with religious and philoſophical calmneſs; often requeſting his weeping friends to dry their tears; reminding them that he could die but once; that he ſhould be happy in life or death; and that they muſt ſoon follow their departing friend. In him were united thoſe qualities which bid fair to form an eminent and good man. He poſſeſſed talents for the fanciful and profound; a retentive mind; a thirſt for improvement, and an uncommon ſhare of information. In his friendſhip, he was ſincere; perſevering in his purſuits; of an amiable diſpoſition; eaſy and manly in his deportment. He was comely in life, and died ſerenely, with full confidence of a happy immortality; leaving his affectionate family, and many friends, to bemoan his untimely end.

Untimely gone, like ſome ſweet fragrant flow'r
That grew, unnotic'd, by ſome ſhady bow'r;
Whoſe leaves expand within the lonely grove,
Whoſe native fragrance fills each breaſt with love,
But ſoon the blaſting wind flies o'er the vale,
It droops—it falls—it withers in the field:
So fade the fair, the beauteous, and the brave,
No charms but virtue flouriſh o'er his grave.

DROWNED—At *Belfaſt*, Mr. Wiggins Taylor.

FOREIGN DEATHS.

In *England*, George Stevens, Eſq. the brighteſt ſtar in that conſtellation of genius and ſcience, formed of Pope, Theobolk, Rowe, Warburton, Garrick, Johnſon, Capel and Malone. As a critic, he left every competitor, even Johnſon himſelf, far behind him.

At *Sligo* (Ireland) Mary Coan, aged 106, a ſervant, living the laſt 20 years in one family. She retained her hearing, ſight, and mental faculties to the laſt moment of her life.

In *Scotland*, J. Anderſon, a tinker, aged 114.

At *Campas* (in Hungary) a Shepherd, aged 126. He never eat meat, ſubſiſting entirely on milk, butter, and cheeſe.

COLUMBIAN PHENIX OFFICE, MAY, 1800.

JOSEPH HAWKINS & DANIEL TILLOTSON

HAVE connected themſelves, in company, ſolely for the purpoſe of conducting this publication; which will be done in future, under the name and firm of HAWKINS and TILLOTSON, and all communications, orders, or directions, relating to the ſame, are to be made to that firm. Thoſe, whoſe experience or diſcernment has painted to them the difficulties, in which an Editor is involved, which grow out of the determination of ſome *not* to be pleaſed, and the misfortune of others *never* to be pleaſed, they know not wherefore,—will readily perceive the neceſſity of literary counſel and aſſiſtance. Circumſtances, more than Nature, make one great and reſpectable, and another weak and contemptible;—fancy and caprice, more than judgment and ſentiment, proclaim one thing *Ton-iſh* and another *Gothic*. Friendſhip rarely extends to more than a dinner and a ſegar. Genius and talents are thought too precious to caſt into an ebbing ſtream. Then how can we addreſs *literary friends*, who ſo ſoon forget us,—or expect their aid, when we are conſcious *their aid* muſt help to ſupply the current of our ſucceſs? But whatever can be effected by diligence, perſeverance, and ſtudy, we confidently promiſe to a candid and lettered public, who, we doubt not, will ſmile on our laudable endeavors, whether crowned with good fortune, or hiſſed to oblivion.

JOSEPH HAWKINS.
DANIEL TILLOTSON.

N. B. BOOKSELLERS, or others, who will ſubſcribe for, and become reſponſible for the amount of twenty copies, payable every fourth Number, ſhall be entitled to 20 per cent diſcount from the ſtated price.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOSE Gentlemen, who have politely informed us what *ought* to be done, we conſider as having *done* it themſelves, as we are ever ready to profit by good advice.

The one who deſires an inſertion of a *Britiſh Eulogy* on the "*firſt of men*," we could not gratify for want of room.

EXTRACT OF A CRITIQUE, on "Rhyme," we hope will not diſpleaſe our *jingling readers*. Thoſe of them who are content with homely PROSE, will like it.—

TYTERE TU—*hold! I like to gone through*
In LATIN *as ſlick as a ſhovel;*
Had I TYTER'D *along, 'twould took a whole ſong,*
To explain it, or elſe 'twere the d—l.
Behold the powers of rhyme!

Proffered communications from the Gentleman, in Newbury, we gratefully acknowledge.

An Eulogy in MS. came too late even for conſideration, this month.

When we received "*The Laugher*," we laughed—but we are ſober now.

Affectionate Lines, on the Death of a Friend, are prettily written. We fondly anticipate further favours from this fair Poeteſs, and her learned connexions.

Philo's amours might inſtruct a novice; but we fancy moſt of our readers have felt in degree, what he affects to ſuffer in the extreme. His caſe is wretched; our ſympathy muſt be his conſolation.

The "*Editor's Well-Wiſher*" has our thanks, and when he has "earned it," he ſhall have his "bread and cheeſe."